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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

AND

SONGS.

BY DUNCAN CAMPBELL,

COTTON-SPINNER.

CARLISLE:

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PREFACE.

Authors, in general, however they may support the dignity of human nature in their compositions, are too apt to stoop to meanness and servility in making their bow to the public: they beg for unwarrantable indulgences, and not unfrequently make mention of things which create involuntary feelings of disgust. I allude here to writers who, like myself, are no great favourites of the Muses. This being the case, perhaps it may be asked, why I obtrude myself upon the notice of the public? A single word contains my reasons: Necessity.

I entered a Cotton Factory at the age of six years, and, with the exception of a short period spent on the loom and at sea, I have passed the whole of my life in one.

853817

An unfortunate misunderstanding between the master-spinners and their workmen, in this neighbourhood, threw me and many others out of employment; but had such an event not occurred, it is more than probable that I should have been compelled to relinquish the business of a spinner, having sacrificed my health and constitution to its general unwholesomeness.

I was 23 or 24 years of age before the Muse paid me a visit; she found me by accident, and when she has had little or nothing to do, or less than nothing, she has paid me occasional visits ever since. I never wrote a line, however, with an intention to publish; and but for the above cogent reason, and the persuasion of friends, I should never have ventured before the public in the character of an author.

I cannot conclude without expressing my grateful thanks for the patronage which I have already received.

D. CAMPBELL.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ON SEEING A SKULL TURNED UP BY THE PLOUGH.

Thou coffinless, unburied shell,
Much do I wish, but all in vain,
To learn thy end; but who can tell
What Myst'ry chooses to retain?

'Tis possible some spoiled child,
Some prodigal in want of bread,
Has robb'd thee when with hunger wild,
And made unhallow'd clay thy bed.

'Tis possible a monster's hand,
In prospect of some small reward,
Has dispossess'd thee of thy land,
Lest should thy kinsman's hopes be marr'd.

'Tis possible that thou wert one
Who gloried in thy country's weal;
Whom tyranny had made to groan,
And die by the assassin's steel.

'Tis possible some rival's flame,
Was kindled into burning spite,
Till in his fury's strength he came,
And slew thee in unequal fight.

'Tis possible that thou hast been
A husband and a parent kind,
Who, through Oppression's lashes keen,
Bent underneath a tortur'd mind.

And who, through agony of heart,
Unable longer to endure,
Uprais'd thy hand to ease the smart,
Believing death thy only cure.

Is love of life a tender plant,
And will it wither, fade, or die,
In cold adversity, or want?
In danger, or in agony?

In love of life no change prevails:
It will endure through ages all;
Save on that soil where nurture fails,
And Reason lets her sceptre fall.

And who can rear the golden throne,
  Where Reason sits to sway the mind,
Or lift a soul whose strength is gone,
  But He who walks upon the wind?

So man on self-destruction bent,
  Falls through his weakness—though his will
Co-operate to frame—invent—
  The means by which his blood he'll spill.

Thou mould'ring throne, where judgment reign'd,
  Thou tenantless abode of mind,
At sight of thee I am constrain'd
  To mourn the frailties of my kind.

And when I ponder on their ways,
  Their springs of action all survey,
I find for one deserving praise,
  A crowd by int'rest led astray.

I find religion made a tool
  For hypocrites to work their ends;
I find that riches make a fool
  Much wiser than his poorer friends.

I find a parasite in place—
  And pensionless an honest man—
A titled knave with ruddy face—
  A tradesman's visage pale and wan.

Those slipp'ry toys for which we strive,
  Which render life a weary load,
What are they when we once arrive
  At Death's much-dreaded drear abode?

And yet how few will hesitate
  To use unwarrantable means,
To gain their ends—though pangs await
  The bosom that from virtue leans.

And when I weigh the whole concern,
  With balance true, I'm bound to say,
That I can easily discern
  He's blest who steers by Reason's ray.

But oh! 'tis hard for flesh to bear
  With wrongs which urge a man to draw,
And cut himself, a passage clear
  To equal rights and equal law.

But tongueless, earless, eyeless shell,
  Perhaps I ought to whisper low,
For oft the truth—the truth to tell—
  Has made my fellow-worm my foe.

FAREWELL TO STRONG DRINK.

Fare-thee-well thou health-destroyer!
Fare-thee-well thief of the purse!
Fare-thee-well thou peace-annoyer,
And of ev'ry vice the nurse.

Let thy prodigal adorers
Worship thee, and give thee praise;
Blind to all the pangs—the horrors—
Lurking in thy haggard ways.

Let them riot in their madness,
Working out their grief and shame;
Calling noisy uproar, gladness—
Crushing bones, the source of fame.

Want and raggedness await them,
At their comfortless abodes—
Monsters able to create them,
Gnawing pain in galling loads.

Fare-thee-well!—the scale has vanish'd
From the apple of mine eye;
Thy allurements all are banish'd,
All thy faults I now descry.

Sober joys were still my pleasure,
Though I join'd the heedless train,
And became in some small measure
Bound in thy ad'mantine chain.

I admit that Grief may borrow
Momentary joy from thee:
But thy balm confirms the sorrow
It professes to set free.

Numberless and melancholy
Are the sins by thee devis'd;
Youth and Age embracing Folly,
Reel before thee undisguis'd.

Even saints, and men of letters—
Men of genius—men of pow'r—
Willingly put on thy fetters,
And abridge life's fleeting hour.

Fare-thee-well! and that for ever!
All thy follies I resign;
Prudence urges me to sever
From each worshipper of thine.

Sober Joy! thou golden treasure!
Gladly I return to thee:
Let my scanty hours of leisure
Taste of mild hilarity.

Save the sting of former madness,
  Nothing shall disturb my rest;
And the balm of sober gladness
  May repel that frightful guest.

Hurry to the brink of ruin!
  Down its vortex whirling go!
Ye who are your course pursuing
  Wilfully to certain woe.

STANZAS

WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE

DEATH AND BURIAL OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Oh! is he gone?—alas! is he no more?
  Well, be it so—all flesh has once to die:
All must embark from life's mist-cover'd shore;—
  One common fait awaits us, lurking nigh;
But strange and various are the ports of death,
  And strange and various are the paths we tread,
From we commence to draw our vital breath,
  Till we are number'd with the silent dead.
Ill-fated man! thy life to thee has been
A strange, humiliating, chequer'd scene.

A monarch's blindness, and a people's rage,
To highest splendour left thee room to rise;
Long shall thy deeds, impress'd on hist'ry's page,
Excite the wonder of enquiring eyes;
Thy wild ambition, which no limits knew,
By Fortune aided rais'd thee to a throne;
But (triumph's bane!) infatuation threw
A haze before thee, and Fate led thee on
By swift gradations, to thy fatal fall,
And chang'd thy honey into draughts of gall.

All Europe trembl'd at thy angry nod;
Red carnage follow'd where thou led'st the way;
Elate with victory, thou, with iron rod,
Made cringing potentates confess thy sway:
Thy robes, enamell'd with imperial gold,
Thy glitt'ring sceptre, and thy studded crown,
Thy burnished armour, and thy cohorts bold,
All felt alike stern Fortune's deadly frown;
And thou wert exil'd to a barren rock,
'Reft of thy power—thy former vassals' mock.

Did not wild tumult, hostile to repose,
Swell in thy bosom, and thy soul's turmoil
Exceed the tossing that old ocean knows
When thundering billows reel, and foam, and boil,
To see thy myriads, at dread Moscow,
Laid prostrate, vanquish'd by the season's ire?

And on the gory plains of Waterloo,
What didst thou feel to see thy pow'r expire?
Ill-fated man! thy bosom's inmost core
Would bleed in torrents at its every pore.

Delusive Hope pourtrayed before thine eye,
A long succession, in a lineal line;
Pellucid sapphires reign'd all o'er thy sky,
As orient noon—so did thy day-star shine;
But lowering clouds, in terrible array,
Impetuous came, and did thy day obscure:
Thy spouse, thy son, thy all, was torn away;—
How could'st thou live, and all this woe endure?
Ill-fated man! what fortitude was thine?
Intrepid energy, and soul divine!

A grounded vessel may a while withstand
The dreadful dashing of relentless waves,
Yet break to pieces on the rugged strand,
When all their fury for a time she braves:
Thy strength of soul continued to endure,
At length its energies were sapped by grief,
It broke to pieces, like a falling tower,
That stood where no one could afford relief;
August and great, Napoleon, wert thou,
But what avails thy former greatness now?

Art thou entomb'd amongst the mighty dead?
Amongst their relics, say, can thine be found?

No! thou'rt interr'd where never man was laid;
All by thyself, and in unhallow'd ground.
A nodding willow weeping o'er thy head,
A chrystal fountain, as the night dew clear,
And one small stone, mark out thy lowly bed:
Amazing man! thus ended thy career.
May ne'er Oblivion's overwhelming wave,
Its blotting waters o'er thy mem'ry lave.

Let never man, however great he be,
Vaunt of his dignity, his wealth, his power,
For aught that's earthly, in a high degree
Is wavering, changeable, and insecure.
Let prince, let peasant, ev'ry rank and age,
However promising their day appear,
Remember Bonaparte in fortune's rage,
From splendour tumbl'd, and his strange career
In exile ended; and their souls shall know
What path to hold—what passion to forego.

A DREAM.

One night as I lay on my bed,
Enjoying pleasant slumber,
I dreamt that I was borne or led,
To blessings out of number.

I thought, across the smiling land
Men grew of one opinion;
Eternal truth held high command,
And vice lost all dominion.

In ev'ry face it could be seen,
That gladness fill'd the bosom;
The olive peace was ever green,
And friendship still in blossom.

The youth were taught in all the arts,
The old set free from toiling;
No grain brought in from foreign parts
Lay in a warehouse spoiling.

The hours of toil were shorten'd so,
That labour was enjoyment;
None overwrought, nor forc'd to go
A begging for employment.

The name of dungeon was no more,
For castle no occasion;
The seas were never stain'd with gore,
And gold had no temptation.

All men were equally esteem'd—
Distinctions had expired;
A name by birth was folly deem'd,
And worth alone admired.

All o'er the scene of peace and joy,
No haughty, restless creature
There was to break, nor yet annoy,
The rights all held by nature.

Thus all enjoy'd, from year to year,
A life unstain'd and waveless;
Nought to produce a briny tear,
If earth had been but graveless.

But by the crowing of the cock,
My slumber sweet was broken;
And what I thought when I awoke,
Dare but to few be spoken.

LINES

Written upon this question being put to the Author:—Whether is fortitude in adversity, or humility in prosperity, more noble?

The greatest part of human ills
Appear and pass away
Like clouds, that sail along the hills
When Autumn feels decay.

They rise—we mark them as they rise—
And many are our fears;
And ere they half obscure the skies,
We shed a flood of tears.

Ills of this kind are easy borne—
The reason why is clear:
The heart is sunk, is toss'd, is torn,
With what?—with idle fear.

The thing that caus'd so much distress,
We patiently endure;
And we, when we the truth confess,
Call it a flying show'r.

There is another sort of ills,
They come another way;
They sit like clouds upon the hills,
In winter's shortest day.

They come like nothing I can name,
Yet true it is, they come,
And quench at once fair Fortune's flame—
Hope sits amaz'd and dumb.

The soul that can endure a shock
So sudden and severe,
May be compared to a rock
That earthquakes cannot tear.

Yet he who can contain himself,
When Fortune's sun doth shine;
Nor grow in pride as grows his pelf,
Is something more divine.

What is the scarcest thing on earth?
  Humility in power:
In it there still will be a dearth;
  Our nature is impure.

When Fortune smiles, we mount above,
  And look with cold disdain
On those who most deserve our love,
  Whom we should free from pain.

But when Adversity appears,
  As I have said before,
We shed a flood of coward tears
  On life's storm-beaten shore.

Unbending fortitude I prize—
  'Tis high in my esteem;
But far more lovely to my eyes
  Humility doth seem.

As for myself, I must confess,
  I'm sunk with little woe;
Should Fortune smile, I more than guess,
  Myself I would not know.

That charity which constitutes
  Humility of soul,
I now declare, quite free of doubts,
  Alone gives self-controul.

THE MEETING.

She soon will be here, for the signal is given,
The sun on the horizon purples the sky;
She said she would come when the blue vault of heav'n
To slumber inclining slow closed its eye.

The last ray of Phœbus beams sweet on the river,
The breath of the evening scarce dimples the tide
Thus smiles my dear Anna each kiss that I give her,
Thus dimples the cheek of my angelic bride.

Obscure on the hedge-row, and gracefully bending,
The tall blooming fox-glove is there seen to rise;
It vaunts not of beauty, its fingers extending,
But bashfully hides from enquiring eyes.

Delighted the mind is, on close observation
To find in its bosom yet beauty unshewn;
An emblem of Anna it is—for her station,
Like it, is obscure, and her worth is unknown.

On the hedge-row of life though my Anna be fated
To struggle for room with adversity's thorn,
Her prudence is such, that the foe is defeated—
Her beauty is such, that it blooms yet unshorn.

And yonder she comes! ever true to her promise;
Oh, hope realised, how sweet to the soul;
I'll fly to embrace her, this meeting is no less
Than heaven to me—it is heaven in whole.

STANZAS

Written on passing the spot where a young man was interred on the day appointed for his marriage.

Alas! poor Dalton! level is thy grave;
No sculptur'd stone is planted at thy head
From dark Oblivion thy name to save—
And few remember where thy corse was laid:
The rich man dies, rich marble speaks his praise—
The poor man dies, and he must be forgot;
Few bards on penury bestow their lays,
Or eye with sympathy the lowly cot;
A tale of sorrow from the rural vale,
Flies off unheeded on the passing gale.

But this or more can ne'er disturb thy rest;
Soft is thy pillow, and thy sleep is sound;
And when in being, in thy manly breast
For thoughts so trivial not a place was found:
Thy Mary, cheerful as the pearly morn,
Was long the object of thy fond regard;

And oft at even, by the hoary thorn,
She own'd her passion: but thy bliss was marr'd—
That day which promised all that love can crave,
Saw fallen leaves roll rustling o'er thy grave.

Had'st thou a favourite of fortune been,
A crowd of parasites had join'd to tell,
That truly mournful was the solemn scene
When thou and Mary took a long farewell:
The tear-drop banish'd from her sleepless eye,—
Her kneeling posture and her accent low,—
Her heaving bosom and her bursting sigh,
And all the sorrow she was doom'd to know,
And all the fortitude by thee display'd,
Had been embodied in their songs well paid.

But thou wert poor, and therefore in thy breast—
Thy vulgar breast—since thou wert poor and low,
Refined feelings and improved taste
No harbour had—say they who all things know:
But fortune's gleam, and learning's highest boast,
Had in thy presence shrunk with conscious shame
To see thy fortitude, though sorely toss'd;
And when thou mad'st a future state thy theme,
E'en false Philosophy, if standing by,
Had call'd aloud, "The soul can never die."

Oft as the foliage, whirling on the blast,
Gives up the year to winter's dreary reign,

Thy fate severe, when pond'ring on the past,
Will foremost stand in recollection's train:
Thy prospects blighted when they clearest shone,—
Thy soul's submission in that rueful hour,—
Thy grave unmarked by a letter'd stone,—
Thy name forgotten though thy worth was pure,
May teach me carefully to place my trust
On more than phantoms or created dust.

THE COUNTRY LAD.

That rosy youth, with plain, unmeaning face,
Is what they call 'bout here a country servant:
The lad can wrestle, or can run a race,
Go to a fair, or be in courtship fervent;
He plies the scythe, the sickle, and the flail,
Without a grudge, and when he has occasion
To say a word, it comes with heavy trail,
And still relative to his occupation.

He had his Catechism off by heart
Like other boys, and to the priest he said it;
A few weeks after he but knew a part;
Now he's the same as if he ne'er had read it;—
No! I am wrong—I should not speak so fast:
He knows as yet that he should never grumble;
And since in poverty his lot is cast,
That 'tis his duty to be very humble.

He goes to church, perhaps four times a-year,
Or thereabouts,—I will not here be pointed;—
But makes out little; for his rustic ear
Knows not the language of the Lord's anointed.
Just like the rest, he hears the text read twice;
Thinks like the rest, the sermon is surprising;
Believes the singing to be very nice,
And knows the time of sitting down, and rising.

When at the smithy, or at Crispin's shop,
The old mare Chessie, or himself a-shoeing,
He's very talkative about the crop,
Stack yards, or cattle, or the art of ploughing;
But if you mention the affairs of state,
Or name the burthens of a patient people,
He thinks you talk about a turnpike-gate,
Or some small trifle to repair a steeple.

He is in mind and body to a hair,
Both to the priest and legislator's liking;
Because he knows not, nor considers where,
His gains are wasted, and he's fit for diking.
When men in general are like that youth,
Kings will get millions of good castle-stormers;
That vile word "Liberty" will fill no mouth,
For in those days there will be no reformers.

I'll trace him further:—He has got a wife,
With forty guineas of the one thing needful;
You see him eager to shape out a life
Of ease and comfort, and you see him heedful

About employing what he calls his stock;
At last his thoughts run totally on farming;
He takes the land on which his neighbour broke,
And makes no doubt but it will answer "charming."

Three summers afterwards, or thereupon,
His stock and crop and household goods are seized;
But that in misery he may not moan,
The landlord's lady piously is pleased
To send him fortnightly a little book,
For which he pays, and it informs the buyer,
To fast and pray, and every hardship brook,
And for things earthly to have no desire.

Now in that cottage, 'neath the blasted pine,
Which poets pass, and say there dwells contentment,
The poor man lives, and many things combine
To work his woe, but he must check resentment.
The Squire's steward he must "sir"; and he
Must smile when saddest, and his wife and fam'ly
Must bear insults, and very humble be—
Their work depends on taking all things calmly.

At last you see him in a ragged coat,
And kneeless breeches, by the way-side sitting,
A-breaking stones, that he may earn a groat
To stay his hunger which is unremitting;
He dreads a work-house, and the parish gives
Abusive language when for help applying;
A few will wonder how the poor man lives,
But nothing spare him though with want he's dying.

Death shuts the scene just at the moment when
He hopes for shelter from threats, cold, and hunger;
He sees his boys are growing up to men,
And oft he wishes he had married younger;
But all is over! he is lowly laid,
His widow follows, and his children squander,
To toil incessantly for clothes and bread,
Upholding statesmen in unequall'd grandeur.

THE "COUNTRY GENTLEMAN."

You heard a gun discharg'd behind yon tree?
We'll go and look who is so callous-hearted:
I wish great Bramah would vouchsafe to see
Our dogs and shooters to Hindoos converted.
O! the young Squire, I verily protest,
Up by the middle in the standing barley;
See how he stalks, in shooting habit drest!
Who would have thought to see him up so early.

That's but a trifle in young master's way,
Wretches like us, who have nor lands nor senses,
Call any colour black, or brown, or gray,
Hence we conclude that he should pay expences;
But no such thing;—he flies o'er field and fence,—
Gates, styles, and ditches, do his train demolish,
And people own, who have got any sense,
The more they waste the higher is their polish.

Young master marries, and his blooming bride
Must see the city, and the city fashions;
So off to London in post haste they ride,
And there give loose to all licentious passions;
They separate, of course—and join again—
To prove their spirit and their pure affection;
And lest they visit the great town in vain,
They learn to vilify without detection.

The next election the sound patriot,
Or would-be patriot, ascends the hustings;
And there he speechifies to gain your vote,
Amidst the tumult of election dustings;
You take a chair, and bear him through the street,
Or from his chariot you take the horses,
And oft he vows, when parliament shall meet,
That he will join the Whig or Tory forces.

I will not say that you will take a price,
Unless I say so by the way of jibing;
Yet after all, all tongues are not so nice;
Some will assert he gains your votes by bribing.
Now he must gabble in the Commons' House,
But how it happens let the learned mention,
(I for my part believe he's of great use,)
That he is favour'd with a place and pension.

His title changes; he is now Sir Knight;
Next time you see him he is fat and gouty;
And some will say, but who can think they're right?
The nation's robb'd, and he has got the booty;

The next election he must roll so far—
Is so unwell—you need not be surprised,
All chance of bursting by the way to mar,
The line of road must be Macadamized.

When at the pinnacle, or nearly so,
Of what's denominated high court favour;
Grim Death invites him to step down below,
And give a summary of his behaviour.
So back he tumbles, and no more is seen,
Which nearly proves in some hot place they need him:
I'll say no more;—but Englishmen, I ween,
This is your statesman, and your English freedom.

ON SEEING A TROUT
WHICH HAD BEEN BLINDED WITH LIME

Put into the River for that purpose.

Poor, wretched suff'rer, how I pity thee;
O, could pure pity but restore thy sight,
From pain and darkness I would set thee free,—
But never more canst thou behold the light.

Ah, vain is all thy swimming to and fro,
In vain thou searchest for the wholesome tide;
The limpid current which was wont to flow,
No more shall lave thy gold-besprinkl'd side.

No more, whilst Phœbus rising in the east
  Dispels the mist which hovers on the stream,
In playful mood shalt thou enjoy thy feast
  Of insects dancing on the morning beam.

No more at noon in thy sequester'd haunts,
  By bushes shaded on the pebbly bed,
Wilt thou recline, nor to supply thy wants
  At sober eve sail forward to be fed.

Methinks thou cursest avaricious man,
  Who thus destroys kind Nature's order due,
Whose love of lucre, though short be his span,
  Would grasp at worlds, and think them over few.

And well thou may'st; but let me tell thee this—
  Man is to man what he has been to thee:
A wicked tyrant, and a foe to bliss,—
  A grave to peace, and chains to liberty.

THE PENITENT CONVICT.

What am I now?—my own disgust,
  My wife and children's shame;
A being that no friend will trust,
  And one that all must blame.

Condemn'd to cross the billows high,
And toil in galling chains;
And leave beneath a distant sky,
My shatter'd, vile remains.

E'en should it ever be my lot
To be from bondage free,
I ne'er can think to face the spot
Of my nativity.

A reputation stain'd with guilt
Who can from sinking save?
It is a bark unsoundly built,
That any blast can stave.

Wretch that I am! why did I leave
The paths of rectitude?
Oh, could I but my name retrieve,
And rank among the good.

To make a show with plunder'd ore
No more would I agree;
And I would still detest, abhor
To keep bad company.

Repentance is a needful friend,
But oft it comes too late;
Too oft a heart with grief will rend,
Yet keep its fallen state.

How oft did I resolve to quit
My practices of sin,
Yet grew by habit all unfit
To give them wholly in.

Oh, ye who are unstain'd by vice,
Still keep your virtue fast;
The world is far too poor a price
When once the die is cast.

All peace is gone if conscience stir;
And if it dormant lie,
The victim oft goes on to err,
Till grace has past him by.

ON SEEING A MOUSE IN THE CHURCH

On Sunday.

Poor, helpless, meagre, dying thing,
What dost thou here where choirists sing,
And seraphims, on rapid wing,
(By all unseen,)
To holy hearers duly bring,
Their manna green?

True, soul-refreshing fare is good,
But thou art not of Adam's brood,
And will but sparely chew thy cud
At such a feast,
Then go in search of proper food,
Poor, half-starv'd beast.

Men do not live by bread alone,
They oft have words to feed upon;
For thee, soon would thy life be gone,
Were such thy fare;
Since words augment not flesh nor bone,
Nor skin, nor hair.

But, may be, thou hast come this way,
To hear our pastor preach and pray,
Like many seated here to-day,
In foppish dress,
Who understand not what he'll say,
And care still less.

Weak animal! learn how to act;
Go build thy nest where grain is stack'd;
If ne'er by man or beast attack'd,
Thou'lt happy be:
Kings, lords, and priests may live compact,
Not so with thee.

Yet, lately, I have oft been told,
That those who have the church controll'd
For ages back, and bought and sold
The souls of men.
Have but a very slipp'ry hold
Of one in ten.

I'll tell thee how this comes to pass:—
The tythe of corn, potatoes, grass,
The priest must have, nor can he pass
A garden by,
Without his share, nor yet, alas!
The widow's sty.

And Paddy, pennyless, I hear,
Convenes a meeting ev'ry year,
And supplicates his friends to tear
His fetters off;
While Parson Keepall cries, "Forbear!
He'll steal my loaf."

"The bread you eat," cries Pat, "is mine:
By all that's sacred or divine,
You stole it, when you did combine
With old King Harry,
To give him wives, some eight or nine,
Or more, to marry."

And to defend his butter'd bread,
Old Parson Keepall shakes his head,
And roars, " My friends, you all have read
How Pat behav'd,
Before we either cropp'd his head,
Or him enslav'd.

" You also know that Pat can slay
A thousand of you any day,
And get the sin all wash'd away
Within an hour:
O dear! my friends, I beg and pray,
Keep him secure."

Are these the words of peace and love?
Will they contention dire remove?
Is it the will of heav'n above
That priests should rail—
Who should be harmless as the dove,
Not beings frail?

The priesthood thus defeat their ends:
They turn to foes their warmest friends;
Abusive words no matter mends,
So I will drop:
The priest at any risk intends
To keep his shop.

And pulpit warfare may hold on,
Till fiery Pat, and patient John,
Fight for the church, and stone by stone
It crumbling falls;
And thou, poor meagre beast, mayst groan
Beneath the walls.

So leave this place in haste I pray,
And to some stack-yard bend thy way,
Thy wants supplied, thou'lt sport and play,
In merry mood,
And train thy young to shun the day,
And kittens rude.

If proud to creep in church and starve,
Hope not that priest or clerk will serve,
Thou'lt bear what men too oft deserve,
So take the road;
And never more be seen to swerve
From thy abode.

But stop! by Jove, I have it now:
If all that I have heard be true,
Departed souls their course renew
By transmigration,
And thou must feel, and sadly rue,
Thy past transgression.

A gouty bishop thou hast been,
Who seldom in the church was seen,
But still so greedy liv'd, and mean,
As ne'er to rise
Thy hands, from black oppression clean,
Towards the skies.

Thy sentence then, I may conclude,
A pris'ner keeps thee, without food,
Within the church, and fit it should:
Thy guilt appears:
I would confine thee, if I could,
Ten thousand years.

AN ADDRESS TO MAY.

Thrice welcome May! hail to thy vernal smile!
Thy genial warmth, and health-restoring breath,
Let me partake of. Oh! vouchsafe to raise
Thy wasted suppliant from the bed of death.

Long, long and anxiously I've look'd for thee;
Leaning on Hope, a staff that oft gives way,
I've totter'd forward, and I yet survive,
To hail thy presence on thy natal day.

If no restorative thou hast for me,
My doom is seal'd, and seal'd it is I fear:
Ah! how reluctantly doth Nature yield,
When in the summer of her swift-wing'd year.

Alas! how oft as thou cam'st smiling forth,
In em'rald dress, with flowrets interwove,
And hail'd by symphony from ev'ry glade,
To catch thy glances did I lightly rove.

I view'd thy canopy of azure blue,
My heart was cloudless, and like it serene;
I trod thy flowrets, and thy pearly dew,
With foot as healthy as thy robes were green.

I follow'd Nature from the succulent plant,
Up to the hollow, time-worn, aged tree;
And coming years I saw extended far,
Far out before me, which were all for me.

The blighted branches of the standing tree;
The tree uprooted by the winter blast;
The flow'r that perish'd in the bud or bloom,
My purblind eye observ'd not as I pass'd.

Yet these vicissitudes to Nature known,
Are emblematical of man's frail state,
And might have taught me that a thousand keys
There are to open the wide gates of Fate.

But like the fly that wheels around the blaze,
Scorching its wings, nor learns the flame to shun,
Man hurries forward, constantly in haze,
Nor clears his atmosphere till all is done.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. FISHER,

OF FAUGH,

On being requested to write an Epitaph upon his Son.

Though sometimes you've heard me a trifle reciting;
Expect not to gain what you crave,
My Muse is not one that can furnish a writing
Adapted to speak from the grave:
And yet in my bosom a feeling doth reign,
Alive to your loss but my efforts are vain.

Your son was the hope of your glass yet unrun,
You saw him as fresh as the green lap of May;
When flowrets lay open their breasts to the sun,
Like stars glancing down from the pale milky-way:
You saw him to Virtue inclin'd, and you saw
His soul gather strength with the growth of his frame;
And still as he nearer to manhood did draw,
He burn'd a more brilliant and light-giving flame;

But the mirror of hope waxed dim on your sight,
As darkens the pool at the birth of a breeze,
When calmly reflecting the stars of the night,
A sky in its bosom the traveller sees;
For health, rosy health, to disease fell a prey,
And Death's icy hand made a prize of your son;
He fell like a flowret frost-bitten in May—
He fell like a tree which untimely decay
Had sapp'd of its vitals, and nothing could stay
The rapid consumption which Death had begun.
Oh! Death, thou despoiler, and breeder of woe,
How vast is thy pow'r, and how callous thy heart;
No prayers can induce thee to hasten the blow
When mortals, frail mortals, in agony smart;
No prayer can induce thee to lengthen the hours
Of those thou hast doom'd to a premature grave;
Thou comes in thy stillness, and darts flying show'rs:
All, all at thy word, in Oblivion's wave
Must plunge, and no mortal his mem'ry can save.
The vessel that bounds on the perilous deep,
From billow to billow with staggering sweep,
Of man is an emblem; the track it has made
Is seen for a moment—the next it has fled;
And trackless the ocean appears to the eye,
No trace can be found of a vessel pass'd by.
Yes, even great Newton that comet of light,
May set in the darkness of ages, though bright
The star of his fame on the zenith doth blaze,
And burns a defiance to Time's pallid haze.

So be not disturb'd that the Muse hath declin'd
To join in rescuing the name of your son;
Such helps are but weak, and are ever consign'd
Down Lethe's dark torrent in silence to run.
Small twigs by the banks of a river may hold
The wretch who is drowning afloat for a while,
But twigs being feeble, away he is roll'd—
Thus Fame so much sought, and its loftiest pile
Down Time's rapid torrent is tumbled along,
And perish it must, like the strength of the strong.

But worth is recorded in regions afar,
Stripp'd bare of the trappings of grandeur and state,
And Rectitude joyfully sits by the bar,
Unaw'd by the sentence that does it await.
Your son now looks down from that region of light,
And gladly he bids you rejoice that he's well;
Then dry up the tear-drop, put care from your sight,
And banish the thoughts of his funeral knell.

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

Yon person standing by the river's brink,
With basket on his back by straps secured,
Is not a-pleasuring as some might think;
Yet he has pleasure when a trout's allured,

For in his cupboard there is little bread;
His purse is lighter than the line he's throwing,
And all his intellects are nearly fled—
Yet he considers he is very *knowing*.

His parents priz'd him at too high a rate:
Like over many, he was thought discerning,
Because in childhood he was apt to prate;
So he was doom'd to get his bread by learning.
He drew to manhood, and his friends made bold
To hope the scholar might be made a preacher;
But church preferments being bought and sold,
He had no chance—so he became a teacher.

I mean he manages to keep a school—
No, not a school—that is a place to learn in;
I mean he sits upon a four-legg'd stool,
Beside a desk, his scanty pittance earning;
And oft he tells his dozen boys and girls,
What pains were taken with his education—
And that he hopes by some of Fortune's whirls,
To gain a comfortable situation.

He gabbles Latin, and pretends to teach
The mathematics, and the art of writing;
And if this pedagogue a glass you reach,
You're told the Sciences he takes delight in.
While such old women have the care of schools,
You need not wonder that a boy can chatter
'Bout arithmetic and the grammar rules,
Yet die quite ignorant about the matter.

ON BURNS.

Bard of deathless fame, immortal Burns!
Come with a spark of thy celestial flame,
Ignite my bosom, let seraphic fire
Burn on my lines, as it will do on thine,
Till earth turn weary of her yearly route;
Fly from her orbit like a comet; sail
Through countless systems, and return to tell
Her former neighbours how the beings fare
Ten thousand times a greater distance off
Than ever Phœbus threw a trembling ray.
Yes, thou shalt live—ah! no—thy fame shall live,
Unfading as thy soul was truly great—
Firm as the hills that lift their heads of green,
Commixing with the clouds which weep thy end,
Where waves, white-crested, and with bosoms blue,
Roar in the caves of deep impending rocks,
Which form a bulwark to thy native land.
Unbending was thy mind; it ne'er would stoop
To flatter greatness for the sake of gold;
A warmer heart towards the human race
Than thine ne'er beat; and it was thine to feel
The softer flame with all its melting power.
Hence Scotia's daughters thou hast prais'd, and sung
In artless strains, soft as the black-bird's note,
That wakes the echoes of thy native glens,

As Phœbus sinking to the western wave,
Gilds with his sparkling glance the smiling hills.
Keen too thou felt the ills that men endure:
So thou to tyranny was still a foe;
And though it dwindled not beneath thy lash,
Still in its side thy works a thorn will be.
All must allow that Superstition fell,
No more to triumph o'er the mind mis-led,
While thy "Address to Satan" is extant,
Or "Holy Willie" kneels him down to pray.
Thy harp was rustic, but 'twas finely strung,
And thou didst touch it with unrivall'd hand.
The "Mountain Daisie" is to Fate a prey,
Or panic-struck thy timid "Mouse" does fly
Impending ruin, while the ruthless wind
Sports with the fragments of its ruin'd cell;
With hopes all blasted it is turned adrift,
Houseless and hungry in the pelting storm:
Too oft the fate of poor, short-sighted man.
When thou dost mourn a woman's broken vow,
While Luna sheds her wan, unwarming beam,
No bosom is unmov'd, no eye-lid dry,
Unless the heart be petrified and cold.
Heroic daring in thy bold "Address
To Bruce's Army" does unrivall'd swell;
And under cover of "Twa Dogs, a Tale,"
The Scottish gentry and their factors writhe;
Ill could'st thou brook the servile sons of gain,
And canting hypocrites, much worse than them.

Thy spirit burned with patriotic fire,
And breath'd an ardent love for all mankind;
For it was fram'd for all that's truly great:
Yet true it is, thou didst in follies join,
Which soil a little thy resplendent fame,
Like ragged clouds before the noon-day sun.
I'll go and visit the all-sacred spot,
Where moulder thy remains; and when at night
I tell my children of thy early death,
Or point to them thy "Man was made to Mourn,"
Thy "Tam o' Shanter," or thy "Halloween,"
Thy "Doctor Hornbook," or thy "Holy Fair,"
If they should ask if I have seen the man,
I'll check the tear-drop, and I'll answer—"No;
"But, mingling extasy of grief and joy,
"I once did feel I wept at Robbie's tomb."

CHARITY.

Bless'd is the man who harbours thee,
Soul-dignifying Charity.

WHERE thou art not the heart is cold,
Eternal frost prevails;
No flowret can it's bloom unfold
To scent the passing gale.

But where thou art the heart is warm,
All loveliness is there;
Sweet flowrets spring the eye to charm,
And fragrance scents the air.

The man who does not thee possess,
May speak a neighbour fair;
But in the moment of distress
Has nothing good to spare.

That man will be the first to name
The frailties of a friend;
And he will ever fan the flame,
Where strife is like to end.

For he can at affliction jest,
And mock the keenest woe;
Defame a name that stands confess'd
Pure as the mountain snow.

Reverse the case: you find a man
Who scandal will not hear;
Who eagerly does what he can
The sinking soul to cheer.

And where he cannot pain remove,
Or want in full supply,
He, from the fountain of his love,
Will give a tear or sigh.

And in his tears there is more joy
  Than frozen hearts e'er knew;
But oh! this bliss that cannot cloy,
  Is known to very few.

CONTENTMENT.

Buoyant heart and features even,
  Sweet Contentment, thou dost share;
Where thou art—commences heaven;
  Where thou art not—hell is there.

Thine alone are peaceful slumbers,
  Undisturb'd by restless dreams;
Waking nought thy path encumbers—
  All to thee with pleasure teems.

Frugal diet most delights thee;
  Costly trappings thou hast none;
In the future nought affrights thee;
  At the past thou dost not groan.

Rosy Health attends thy dwelling;
  Mildness on thy lips is found;
Thou art like a vessel sailing,
  Where nor rocks nor shoals abound.

Most delightful thou appearest,
When the brow is bald or gray;
All around thee then thou cheerest
With a warming, magic ray.

Thou art then the sun of even,
Slowly sinking to the sea,
While the rosy tints of heaven
Promise what the morn will be.

Thou dost look with eye of pity
On the giddy whirling maze,
Termed pleasures of the city,
Which embitter while they blaze.

Vacant moments thou employest
With a friend or with a book;
But thyself thou most enjoyest
Wand'ring by sequester'd brook.

Flowery spring—deep-mantled summer—
Fading autumn—winter drear—
Vary like an idle rumour—
But one aspect thou dost bear.

Sweet Contentment! thou art seldom
Wholly mine, and ne'er shall be,
While the world is held in thraldom,
Tortur'd by base tyranny.

Lesser ills in millions vex me
To the bosom's inmost core—
Countless as the stars of heaven,
Or the waves that dash the shore.

Who, possessing common feeling,
Who, possessing eyes and ears,
Does not find Injustice reeling,
Void of mercy, void of fears:

Sweet Contentment! fix thy dwelling
Where the heart may all be thine;
Leave me o'er mankind bewailing—
Passive bliss can ne'er be mine.

THE REDBREAST AND SWALLOW.

A FABLE.

In balmy spring a Redbreast sat,
Upon an alder tree,
And tun'd by turns his willing throat
To Nature's melody.

A Swallow skimming on the pool,
And o'er the flow'ry lea,
Oft mounted o'er, and wheel'd around,
The aged alder tree.

" And art thou come," the Redbreast sang,
" To sport in summer's glare?
Has chilling winter shut thee out,
Where thou didst sport afar?

" Art thou aware to shun distress
By changing oft thy place,
Is bringing on thy native land
Reproach and foul disgrace?

" If thou wouldst be a British bird,
Let Britain be thy pride;
Seek not, when winter chills the air,
To cross the briny tide;

" But meet the shock of winter's war,
And bear't without a sigh:
What bird would offer to desert
Its darling native sky?

" The frosts of winter, I must own,
Go very hard with me?
Subsisting on the scanty crumbs
Of chance or charity.

" But spring returns, and troubles fly,
And summer months again
Reward me with supreme delight—
Sweet pleasure after pain.

" And this is what thou canst not feel,
A joy thou canst not share,
A pleasure which unbroken joy
Had never yet to spare."

MORAL.

Would men but act the Redbreast's part,
Revere their native home;
Would men but quit the Swallow's art,
Be less inclin'd to roam;
A thousand ills would disappear,
And ills which none can stay,
Would, with a nation's coming year,
Like winter, pass away.

HYPOCRISY.

Hypocrisy! thou double face!—
Or let me name thee more complete—
Thou screen for ev'ry act that's base!
Thou hiding-place for all deceit!

A snowy lambskin thou dost wear,
And "glory to the Lord's" thy cry;
But ah! thy deeds from year to year,
Are of the deepest ebon dye.

When freedom is to feel a shock,
Thy oily tongue invokes the Lord
To be all-mindful of his flock—
To blunt the spear, and break the sword.

And when suspicions all are hush'd,
Like tigers lurking for their prey,
Thy legions come, the free are crush'd,
Man groans beneath tyrannic sway.

How oft has thou been known to come
With fire and faggot o'er the land,
Compelling Reason to sit dumb,
And giving Priests supreme command.

And when the game of war is play'd,
And Reason tries the sport to mar,
Thy voice proclaims the brutal trade,
"A just and necessary war."

Whoever may the contest win,
Is all the same to thee and thine,
Thou'lt prove the victor free of sin,
And that he reigns by right divine.

Whatever miseries are felt,
No matter how they spring, or where,
Thy voice proclaims that God hath dealt,
These troubles in his mercy rare.

Hypocrisy ! where'er I range
I'm certain still to meet with thee ;
Look and profession thou canst change ;
Thou art not still on bended knee.

Gain is thy object, and for gain
No sneaking practice wilt thou miss ;
Pretend to bleach and only stain ;—
With lips of poison thou dost kiss.

I hear thee in the pulpit rave ;
Philosopher I see thee turn ;
Thy mood is frolicsome, or grave,
As int'rest bids the laugh or mourn.

Hypocrisy ! by all that's good,
I would my neighbours rather hear
Denying all that mortals should
Call holy, upright—or revere—

Than find them closely wrapp'd in thee ;
For where thou art not, there's a chance
For unsuspecting worth to flee
Impending ruin at a glance.

But where thou art, the sharpest eye
May watch and watch and be deceiv'd :
Thy aim so closely hid doth lie,
Thy tale's so easily believ'd.

HARVEST HOME.

To him who on unwearied wing,
  Flies round with Nature's changes all;
Who works within the bud in spring,
  And trains the fading leaf to fall—

An universal song of praise
  All Nature sings where'er we roam
And shall we not our voices raise,
  To thank him for our Harvest Home?

Yes, thankfulness unmix'd and pure
  In unaffected strains shall flow;
His goodness shines from hour to hour,
  On all his creatures here below.

And to the man who trains his eye,
  To trace the windings of the Lord,
The rolling seasons seem to cry,
  "See how his goodness we record!"

But to the dull, inactive mind,
  His goodness is in vain display'd;
Unseen it passes like the wind,
  Though in the robes of light array'd.

Or like a landscape seen at night,
When Luna lends her pallid ray,
His goodness falls upon the sight,
And passes in each cloud away.

We sow the seed, it soon appears,
And dew-drops clothe the tender stem;
All Nature then is joy in tears,
And ev'ry flow'r a polish'd gem.

The woodlands join the gen'ral joy,
And Echo lifts the harmony,
And gladly does his caves employ
In praises of the Deity.

Then Summer comes with frequent showr's,
And days of sultry heat arrive;
A fairy mantle decks our bow'rs,
And all our fields are seen to thrive.

Then Autumn steals upon our sight,
Besprinkled here and there with gold;
At length arrives that joyous night
On which our Harvest Home we hold.

And now a joy, unmix'd with fear,
Dilates the heart—but soon is gone;
A joy which only once a year
Frail mortals taste or feast upon.

For in the progress of our toil,
We barter peace for fruitless care,
And give our bosoms to turmoil,
Just as the weather's foul or fair.

A day or two of drought or rain,
Beyond what commonly appears,
Unmans us so we yield to pain,
And change sweet hope for needless fears.

Then man, as if his feeble eye
Could judge what best can work his ends,
Invokes the Lord, with mournful cry,
To change the weather, which he sends.

Thou worm! thou insect! frail and blind,
Is Nature's grand unerring scheme
To change and suit thy narrow mind,
Or please thy ev'ry idle dream?

Do thou thy head and hands apply,
With earnestness and constant care,
And He who feeds each little fly,
Will not withhold thy daily fare.

An universal song of praise,
All Nature sings where'er we roam;
And shall we not our voices raise
To thank him for our Harvest Home?

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING

On the same occasion.

It is thy will, O God most high!
That we should live alone to thee;
And that our hearts may seek the sky,
No real good thou dost deny—
Thy gifts are manifold and free.

All life is at thy table fed,
And thou hast taught each mouth to crave
The very quality of bread,
And quantity, which thou hast said
Each food-requiring thing shall have.

Thou com'st in clouds: the rain-drops pour;
And next in azure thou art dress'd:
The earth requires another shower,
It comes in thy refreshing power,
Glad to obey thy high behest.

Each herb and tree produces seed;
We eat, and are again supplied;
And though thou dost not work for meed,
We know thy goodness ought to lead
Our erring feet from guilt aside.

Accept our thanks, Being unmade;
  Accept our thanks, thou depth of mind;
Thou essence veil'd in glory's shade;
Who art the hope, the joy, and dread,
  Of creatures weak and unrefin'd.

Thy movements all declare aloud
  Thy wisdom, majesty, and power;
They all declare that thou art good,
That thou hast from all ages stood,
  And will through ages all endure.

WOMAN.

But for sweet Woman's witching smile,
  This tear-bedewed valley
Had been a place of durance vile—
  A wretched prison galley.

But with her, what enraptur'd hours
  They daily are obtaining,
Who love to frequent Virtue's bow'rs,
  Their rectitude maintaining.

Sweet creature! who can do her harm,
While on her beauty gazing;
One glance of her the eye can charm,
And do what's more amazing:

Can raise the soul to angel bliss,
And set the pulse a-reeling;
But oh! a balmy virgin-kiss,
That baffles all revealing!

Whenever pain springs up in love,
The seed may be seen tracing,
To something that does clearly prove,
Creation's lord disgracing.

For woman is a flow'r that twines
Around man's favour'd bosom,
And while the sun of kindness shines,
Unfading is its blossom.

Nay, even with cold disrespect,
Upon its beauty glooming,
I've seen it kiss a wretch's neck,
In pure affection blooming.

Deducting what is felt in youth,
When love is over powering,
Experience bids me speak this truth—
Her smiles are worth procuring.

Behold her when become a wife,
Her husband's fate a-sharing,
Guiding with zeal, and shunning strife,
For ev'ry trifle caring.

What object underneath the sun
Is to the eye so cheering?
And while life's ebbing tide doth run,
What object so endearing?

He who could such a woman harm,
Or leave her helpless mourning,
I could behold where devils swarm,
And hell is hottest burning.

HAPLESS ELLEN.

One ev'ning in June by a flowret-fring'd river,
Whilst Phœbus yet hung on the verge of the sky,
I carelessly wander'd, but never, oh never,
Shall time shift the scene from my mem'ry's eye.

The slow-floating zephyr play'd sweet on the lawn,
And Flora supplied a regaling perfume;
The last breath of even seem'd now to be drawn,
And now it came forth its lov'd task to resume.

The swallows were skimming the face of the flood,
Half lighting by turns on its surface of blue;
Now darting aloft in pursuit of their food,
And wheeling again the same course to pursue.

The tribes of the deep to the surface would rise,
Scarce causing a circle to form on the tide;
Now leaping outright the wing'd prey to surprise,
Which Nature had taught on the river to glide.

The monarch of song in a neighbouring dale,
His mild mellow instrument skilfully plied;
And Echo, rejoic'd, on the caves did prevail
To sweeten his notes as they gradually died.

The true smile of gladness on Nature's whole face,
In ev'ry direction lay open to view;
And care in my bosom to pleasure gave place—
My heart was as light as the zephyr that flew.

I said at that moment, the heart must be cold
That feels not of pleasure the warmest glow,
If it be permitted this scene to behold,
Yet seek for a reason all joy to forego.

But lo! nigh a cottage that stood by a brook,
Where tall trembling poplars did mournfully shake,
I met with a female, and pale was her look,
As the pallid complexion of mist-cover'd lake.

Her flood-gates of sorrow no longer could run,
For weeping had even drawn off the last sigh;
Her eye was as heavy as winter's weak sun,
When working its way through a watery sky.

All pleasant sensations were instantly fled,
The cause of her grief I had heard o'er and o'er;
No wonder her heart with deep sorrow had bled,
Her happiness blighted to flourish no more.

The snow-drift of age on her father was shed,
The rosebud of youth on her daughter did bloom,
Now both are consign'd to a cold watery bed,
The womb of the ocean they have for a tomb.

I tried to persuade her her grief to forego,
But all consolation she hove on the air;
And finding I only augmented her woe,
I listen'd in silence her feelings to spare.

" Oh happy! thrice happy," she mutter'd, " are they
Who mourn the exit of their relatives dear,
If things be so order'd that they may convey
To the tomb of their fathers the slow-moving bier.

" For such, ere the spark of existence be fled,
May train the fond bosom its grief to resign;
For soon as the show'r of frail nature is shed,
The sky brightens up with a sunbeam divine.

" The tears of sad parting are dried with the hand
Of life-gilding hope, and the mist of the grave
Is scatter'd—and faith has a glimpse of that land
Where grief cannot enter, nor sorrow enslave.

" And such in remembrance of those that are gone,
May weep o'er their loss, and repair to the grave,
And kneel in devotion, and grasp the cold stone
That tells they were lovely, or virtuous, or brave.

" But ah me! the names of my father and child,
If read must be read on the white-crested wave
That the stormy Atlantic has heav'nwards pil'd,
Which tumbles incessantly over their grave.

" Oh! why are the shells that are cast on the shore,
Not gifted with speech? I would ask ev'ry shell
Concerning the heart-rending loss I deplore—
Or why are the waves not permitted to tell?

" The waves are not mute, but they speak not to me;
The winds are not mute, but they mock my distress;
Oh! what shall I utter, or where shall I flee,
My spirit-consuming deep woe to repress?

" I've read that the wretched have met with repose
When sleep drew a veil o'er the cares of the day,
But ah me! I'm wretched, more wretched than those,
For sleep, in a manner, drives gladness away.

" I dream that I stand on the clifts of the shore,
And if for a moment serene be the sky,
It darkens the next, and the loud thunders roar,
And the tumbling billows are lifted on high.

" The sea-birds they mix with the red forked blaze,
And all is commotion on land and on main,
I trembling stand, and I think as I gaze,
That Nature is falling to chaos again.

" Two vessels appear, and they rush each to each;
They strike; one is sunk, and the perishing crew
Cling fast by the cordage, or ought they can reach
Belonging to her which has weather'd it through.

" And then the remembrance of what I have lost,
Occurs to my mind, and I 'wake with a scream,
Believing the vessel run down on the coast,
Has sunk with my father and child in my dream.

" For this was the manner in which they were lost:
The furious winds and the high rolling sea,
Relentlessly join'd on a far foreign coast,
To rack the heart-chords of a creature like me.

" Thus passes my night, and the dawning of day
Abates not my grief in the smallest degree."—
" Repine not; be cheerful;" I ventur'd to say,
" Your child and your father once more you will see.

" When Phœbus is darken'd, and Luna's broad face
Is turn'd into blood, and the stars disappear,
And smoke and combustion extend through all space,
And Time to Eternity yields her career."

" Religion," she cried, " this bless'd hope is thine own,
And none but thy vot'ries the same can enjoy ;
Ah! when to my heart shall that peace be made known
Which thorny affliction can never destroy ?

" O Father of Heav'n ! forgive the weak dust
That thorny affliction has caus'd to repine ;
I own thy decrees, and thy mandates are just ;
Oh ! teach me my sorrow this hour to resign !"

The sun long had set, and the high arch of heaven
Now dim and more dim in its aspect did grow ;
I left her reflecting that millions are driven
To combat Affliction, unarm'd for the foe.

And homeward returning, absorb'd in deep thought,
I tax'd oft my reason to make it appear,
Why man o'er a pathway of briers is brought,
With feelings too tender their tortures to bear.

And sober Reflection suggested to me,
That heav'n has mingled our honey with gall,
Well knowing weak mortals from sorrow set free,
Would never till then think their happiness small.

LINES

Written on seeing a blade of grass making its appearance about the latter end of the stormy Winter of 1823.

Hail, messenger of Nature's weal!
How glad I am to see thee spring:
Rude Winter yet may roar and reel,
And shake his dusky, sullen wing;
But circumscrib'd is Winter's power,
And thou fortell'st his dying hour.

Then on thy spiky branches green,
The pearly dew in sparkling pride,
Once more shall glory to be seen
At morning's dawn, or evening tide.

The daisy by thy side shall blow,
The lark above thy head shall sing,
The zephyrs wave thee to and fro,
In all the grandeur of the spring.

Thus shall the man oppres'd with care,
Who leans on fortitude the while,
The balmy warmth of comfort share,
When better days begin to smile.

And thus shall he who doth believe,
  Almighty father! in thy son,
Come smiling forth no more to grieve,
  To seize the prize which he has won;
No more a change of state to prove,
An heir to realms of peace and love.

LINES FOR A TOMBSTONE.

Stop passenger, and weigh thy ways;
  Remember thou art nigh to death;
Count not on seeing length of days;
  Man's life at most is but a breath.

A flow'r may bloom, and yield its seed;
  A flow'r may in the bud decay;
Ten thousand accidents may lead
  Untimely Death a flowret's way.

'Tis so with man: but man's career
  Works out his future weal or woe;
Do thou through life thy God revere,
  That bliss eternal thou may'st know.

THE LAMP AND THE CANDLE.

A TRUE STORY.

Once on a time, as hoar tradition tells,
Loud blew the wind, and shrouded were the fells
In shining snow, and on the blust'ring gale
Was heard the tolling of a fact'ry bell.
By this time sleep had from the eye-lids fled
Of some, and some lay snoring on the bed,
And some were up, and some began to rise,
And some, half-'waken, rubb'd their drowsy eyes,
Whilst some to others cried, "Get up! I'm sure
The fact'ry's on; the bell's been rung this hour."
But to be brief, suppose the fact'ry on,
Each man at work, all thought of sleeping gone,
Some wheeling round to catch the slack'ning handle,
Some piecing ends, some lighting up a candle,
Each to his neighbour making the remark,
That mornings now are cold, and long, and dark.
Things thus went on, as they are wont to do,
If hoar tradition tells the story true:
At length a Candle (for they then could speak),
That had been snuff'd, and open'd in the wick,
Clear burning forth its brightness to display,
Was to a Lamp, in whispers, heard to say—

" My blinking neighbour, I have heard you tell
That Comfort died, and that his parting knell
Was rung o'er Britain by a fact'ry bell;
We've time on hand: I wish you would explain,
How cotton fact'ries have done hurt to men?

THE LAMP.

" Ye dinna mind, but I can mind fu' weel,
When yarn was spun a' on a little wheel;
Ae thread at ance, nae mair cud ony draw,
Yet folk cud live, an' faith cud busk them braw;
Claes then were claes, they didna spoil or stain
Wi' ae day's wearin', or a drap o' rain;
A cloak or gown, wi' ony carefu' wife,
Was hale an' mensfu maist fec o' her life;
Nae wife but kent what kind o' claes wad stan'
The greatest hardships, and wi' thrifty han',
She ay took tent to hae a pickle yarn,
To cleed hersel, her man, an' ilka bairn:
This she cud dui, an' yet hae time to crack
Wi' neighbour wives; an' onie chiel cud mak'
Wi' ease what siller wad get milk an' meal,
A drap o' whiskey, an' his wife a wheel:
But now-a-days, though toiling late and air,
Folk cleed but thin, an' scanty is their fare:
At first I wonder'd how this cam' about,
When folk had fan so mony gran' things out;
But now, guid faith! I dinna need to farley
What keeps folk down, though toiling late an' early:

I say but little, but I ken mysel',
The death o' Comfort was a fact'ry bell.
Consider calmly, and keep to the truth,
Is there ought wanted but for back and mouth?
Supply them baith, what is there wanted mair?
Lang syne folk did it, and had time to spare;
Were hale and strang, and liv'd as lang again
As they dui now, or I am sair mista'en.
Straight were their limbs, in a' respects weel made,
But see them now wha join the spinning trade!
Their legs are twisted, like queer gibby sticks;
They creep like monkies that hae got their licks;
Their banes are marrowless, as weel as sma';
Deep sunk their een; their faces white as snaw;
In short, they mind me o' the frightfu' forms
That haunted kirk-yards in the time o' storms,
While wives sat canty at the little wheel,
An' as the tempest gaed the tither squeel,
Stirr'd up the ingle, an' wi' face devout,
Telt a' the young anes what was gaun without.
The question is, what comes o' poor folks' gear,
And through what channel does it disappear?
The tale's o'er lang, or I wad tell ye a';
Through mony channels it is ta'en awa':
Ae thing I'll tell ye: spinners ken owre weel,
That master-spinners are the very de'il."

By this the clouds were ting'd with saffron hue,
And intermix'd with lively streaks of blue,

Dull and more dull the candles seem'd to burn;
No more was said, but those who heard did mourn,
That great improvements are not blessings made
To operatives, as to men in trade.

A PARENT'S DUTY.

A PARENT'S duty let me learn to know,
That I may act in a becoming way:
First boiling passion I must still forego;
Be mild, yet careful lest my children stray
Too far from rectitude: hence I must try
With well-tim'd lessons, more than with the rod,
To teach them early to abhor a lie;
Through love, not fear, obey me when I nod.

Ah! what avails correction or advice,
When parents, heedless of the charge they hold,
Buy worldly comforts at a worldly price,—
In other words give virtue up for gold;
Or squander carelessly what should provide,
Both food and raiment, and instruction sage,
For those sweet Innocents whom they should guide
With watchful tenderness from youth to age.

Let me be honest, that my children may
Have no excuse when I say "do not steal;"
Let me live soberly from day to day,
That if my children in mad pleasures reel,
I may correct them with a better grace,
Than if in revelry I spent my time:
Woe to the offspring, if the parent chace
False pleasure, ignorance, or joys in crime.

Life-giving pow'r! if pray'rs avail, oh! grant,
That I may see my little one's incline,
To walk in virtue, and for learning pant,
And in misfortune sink not, nor repine;
Where I come short in teaching, oh! do thou,
In thy all-perfect wisdom interfere;
Obscure the false, elucidate the true,
And lead them all thy precepts to revere.

ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

Suppose each thing that moves on earth, through air,
Or hides itself within the mighty deep,
Or seeks for refuge in the solid land,
Had each a Maker; and suppose each plant
That eye can see, or microscope discern,

Down from the tallest tree to where the world
Of vegetation sinks as if to nothing,—
Had each a God—no person but would say,
"Look here what art, what wisdom, is combin'd,
What power to form, what genius to contrive,
Each God must have, each wonder-working God;
See this new wonder, and this wonder still:"
But when we know one being form'd the whole,
Of this diversity of life, of thought,
Of strength, of colour, action, passion,—all
The countless properties of countless things—
How must we stand amaz'd and lost in thought,
Confess the fullness of so great a God?
A greater step we glance at worlds above,
And we are lost in wonder, fear, and love.

FLATTERY.

The ear that vanity or pride inclines
To hear with pleasure adulation's tale,
Should fall a victim to the dark designs
Which treach'rous flatt'ry would have prevail;
For why should pride that ever doth control
With rod of iron where it gaineth pow'r,
Unshaken stand, when rectitude of soul,
And that alone, should ever be secure?

Yet he, the wretch who sinks so low the man,
As to destroy for sake of present gain,
(Through cringing flatt'ry) in Nature's plan,
The equal balance it should still retain,
Deserves at best the worst, the greatest pain,
While yet in life, that damned demons know;
For unto such I attribute each stain,
Each foul offence, that works up human woe.

See thrones surrounded by a fawning hoard,
And feel how galling is the dire effect;
Mark from the peasant to the flatter'd lord,
How servile parasites can gain respect;
While truth is answer'd by unblushing sneers,
And sent to languish with a broken heart:
The words of scorners are as poison'd spears,
Which cause a gangrene in the wounded part.

Say, would not freedom o'er the peopl'd earth,
Extend her long lov'd olive branch of peace,
And smiling happiness surround each hearth,
If hell-born flatt'ry would learn to cease?
For man would then his dignity maintain,
And truth unspotted ev'ry tongue would keep;
And pride-born tyrrany would then refrain
From claiming homage, nor durst use the whip.

THE BROOK AND THE RILL.

A FABLE.

Thus spoke a Brook, as round a sylvan nook
It careless wheel'd, then glided on with ease;
And ey'd a Rill with a disdainful look,
And cast its cadence proudly on the breeze;—
"Presumptuous dribbler! may stern winter freeze
Thy puny form, and hold thee still in chains;
Or parching summer on thy waters seize,
Thy springs dry up, and clouds withhold their rains,
Till not one vestige of thy form remains.

"Survey my windings from yon mountain's brow,
To where my waters join the roaring main,
When noontide's blaze plays on my surface blue,
Or when night's lamp, slow rising gilds the plain;
See how it glories nightly to remain,
Fond, quiv'ring, low, on an inverted sky,
Form'd in my bosom, and its trembling train
Of glimm'ring lights you also may espy,
And sailing clouds whilst meteors darting fly.

"Or from the uplands at the dawn of morn,
Mark out my course with curling mist o'erspread,
Whilst zephyrs gently fan the spangl'd thorn,
And drowsy Phœbus, rising from his bed,

Throws down abruptly from the mountain head,
Extended shadows on the dewy plain,
Of rising objects, till the eye is led
To see with ease herds, cottages, and men,
Conceal'd in mist till orient Phœbus came."

"Hold," cried the Rill, "thy ostentation cease:
I know thy drift, thou'rt urg'd to speak through pride;
I know thou hatest long to be at peace
With one who aids not thy declining tide;
And then thou boastest of thy channel wide,
Thy winding course, and of thy splendid show;
Would'st thou, vain fool! by prudence but abide,
Thou'd change thy course, and circumspectly flow,
In channel narrow'd, shelt'ring shades below.

"Thou spread'st thy bosom to the summer sun,
Which lifts thy water on its dancing beam;
In winter, too, the course thou lov'st to run,
Exposes much to drying frosts thy stream;
But here's the point, I know thou lov'st to seem
Like some strong river of no common size;
Vain fool! give up a self-consuming dream;
Be what thou art; throw off thy thin disguise:
Without resources great ne'er hope to rise.

"See in the hollow round yon south-west hill,
Where curls the smoke above yon tow'ring trees,
There sits a hamlet, and though but a Rill,
I thither meander, babbling at my ease;

And lest hoar winter should my current freeze,
I seek protection 'neath rocks, scars, and groves,
Nor then can summer on my waters seize,
As upon thine—Remember, it behoves
A stream to study ere it wildly roves."

MORAL.

Men, like the Brook—at least too many men,
Get out their latitude by dint of pride;
They vaunt and gesture at the moment when
Their all is sinking in deep ruin's tide:
Few like the Rill do circumspectly guide
Their scanty gettings, which if hoarded by
A few short summers, ebbing life would glide
Free of obstructions, such as penury,
And enter smoothly on eternity.

LINES

Written on the day of the establishment of the Carlisle Mechanics' Institution.

There was a time when savage lawless bands,
The willing vassals of imperious lords,
Bred up for plunder, rang'd the border lands,
With hearts as pitiless as were their swords.

No science flourish'd, and industry's gains
Had no protector: hence no hand would toil;
So barren wildness dwelt on Cumbria's plains,
The seat of wretchedness and sad turmoil.

But now the thistle and the rose entwine
Their shielding branches o'er industry's head;
Hence golden harvests on our vallies shine,
And ev'ry hamlet is a seat of trade.

Contrast the present with primeval times,
And praise the policy of modern days:
Averse to anarchy and bloody crimes,
No chieftain leads us to ensanguine frays.

But all concurring to the common weal,
Like Egypt's pyramids, or Babel's tower,
Our mills ascend, and through the mazy wheel
Of busy trade we reap a golden shower.

The bounding vessel o'er the trackless main,
Fraught with the produce of remotest lands,
Now seeks our basin, and hies forth again,
To leave our surplus on remotest strands.

But more than ever this important day
Secures our blessings, and confirms our trade,
Retarding obstacles have pass'd away,
And patient energy shall be repaid.

An institution to instruct the poor,
Crowns all our blessings; we are now complete;
That light of reason which breaks in this hour,
Ye friends to Cumberland, enraptur'd greet.

For education is the firmest foe
To discontentment, anarchy, and strife;
The greatest blessing that from wealth can flow,
The surest sweetener of human life.

Seize on the blessing with a steady aim,
Aspiring youths, for you it is design'd;
You'll find that learning is a brilliant gem,
Which minds untutor'd ne'er can hope to find.

THE LOVER.

The Lover yonder by the brook,
Feels all the flame of pure affection;
He artfully purloins a book,
And runs all hazard of detection,
That he may make a flowing song,
Describing all the charms of Helen:
But Death is seen her charms among,
And he must prove each bitter feeling.

O Death! this is the keenest dart
That thou canst aim at purblind mortals;
It shakes, it quivers in the heart,
And drags the victim to thy portals,
Its shaft is of the ebon black,
Its point of adamant is formed;
It comes—the breast is on the rack,
As if the soul by fiends were stormed.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

The being yonder, who, with steady eye,
Inspects minutely the minutest trifles,
Is call'd Philosopher: he loves to pry
In ev'ry corner, and the earth he rifles
To meet with objects worthy of his pains;
He tries experiments, and he can write you
A book in folio on winds and rains,
Or how the seasons come to scorch and bite you.

An endless chain of causes and effects,
Through boundless nature, he minutely traces;
And O! he's eager to point out mistakes
Of other men, of other days and places.

He either tells you that the sun has rays,
Or that the splendour of the summer season,
Is wholly owing to a floating blaze
Around the sun, or some much deeper reason.

He must be writing whether right or wrong,
And to convince you that he has got learning,
In complex sentences, 'bove twelve lines long,
You'll find, with trouble, what he writes concerning;
Much he has written, yet his head contains,
Enough of matter for a thousand volumes:
Death trips his heels up, and with mighty pains,
Another age confutes his labour'd columns.

THE HERO.

The Hero—for there is a thing
They call a Hero—goes to battle;
He hopes to hear his praises ring
For butchering some human cattle;
He levels battlements and towers,
And leaves a hundred towns in ashes,
Believing laurels he secures;
At length along the ranks he dashes;
A shot is lodged in his side,
And loudly groans the dying Hero:

There leave him in his purple tide:
He is at best a very Nero.
Grim Death, I can excuse thee well,
When such a being lies all gory;
Oh! would'st thou take to thy dark cell,
All those who call such havoc glory!

THE POET.

The being yonder, muttering as he goes,
Who looks dejected, like a man in trouble,
May be allowed to be one of those
Who, when in sorrow, make their sorrow double:
He is a Poet—let him quietly pass,
Or he will gall you with a keen satire;
But if you treat him with a friendly glass,
He'll tune with flattery his changeful lyre.

His nights are restless, for he fills his head,
With fancied beauties of the coming morning,
And unrefresh'd he rises from his bed,
The haunts of mortals and their bustles scorning;
He sings of battles and a thousand things
That sober people think unfit for reading;
And oh! he's noisy in the praise of kings,
When cunning statesmen have his Muse in leading.

When he succeeds in spinning a few rhymes,
With thoughts of fame his head is nearly turning,
For he concludes that men in future times
Will own his spirit felt poetic burning;
A thousand phantoms hurry through his brain,
He calls them "subjects," so he falls to rhyming,
And ten to one but he becomes insane,
If words seem any way averse to chiming.

But nothing galls him equal to neglect,
For he concludes that people should admire
His meanest efforts, and though disrespect
Should frown upon him he will not retire.
Death comes—he tumbles, when his frantic head
Is at the fullest with rhyme-spinning notions:
His laurels wither, like a blooming maid
Who dares to swallow a quack doctor's potions.

THE MATHEMATICIAN.

There sits a man, who would be him?
His head he constantly perplexes;
Though but a youth his eyes are dim
With poring over *ys.* and *xs.*

Straight lines and circles, curves and cones,
Squares, segments, ovals, and triangles,
You see him draw on boards and stones,
And often with himself he wrangles.

At last a lengthy tube he lifts,
Astronomer he then is styled;
He watches how a planet shifts,
Till years of time are thus beguiled.
Death finds him ere his head be gray,
Here end his half-rais'd equations;
He has not time to turn, and say,
Who'll finish out my calculations?

THE SLIGHTED LOVER.

Again has Phœbus sunk to rest,
And yonder comes the queen of night,
I wander here with woe oppress'd,
Where I was wont to feel delight.

Is it because fair Anna's love
Ungrateful to my heart has been?
Oh! yes, her presence would remove
My life-consuming woe, I ween.

Go, Luna, in thy silver robes,
  Attended by thy golden train,—
Go tell her how my bosom throbs,
  To meet her by these bow'rs again.

How oft below thy quiv'ring beam,
  Have we stole forth to talk awhile,
Whilst thou reflecting on the stream,
  Glanc'd like my Anna's artless smile.

But why do I confide in thee?
  Thou art like her, too prone to change;
Employ thy beams for all, save me,
  And let me here in darkness range.

Ye zephyrs waft my heavy sigh,
  And let it fall on Anna's ear;
Tell her I wait her drawing nigh,
  With heart that loves her fondly dear.

How oft your freshness to inhale,
  Have we stole forth at ev'ning tide,
And pac'd with joy the dewy vale,
  Or wander'd by the river side.

But why do I invoke the wind
  To carry tidings to her ear?
It is inconstant and unkind,
  Like her, who vow'd to be sincere.

Ye streams that murmur as ye roll,
If she should come your banks upon,
How much her absence grieves my soul,
Oh! tell her as ye wander on.

How oft your murmurs have we heard,
And view'd your windings with delight,
When summer dress'd with due regard,
Your sloping banks with flowrets bright.

But why do I on streamlets call,
To carry tidings to her ear?
Have I not seen them rise and fall,
To suit the ever-changing year?

Oh! Nature all thy forms I view
With alter'd eye, for now I see
Thy strict similitude all through,
To her who hath deceived me.

And I must wander nightly here,
And feel what men shall never know;
It may be weakness, but the tear
When started, ne'er will backwards flow.

Nor will the heart which love has rent,
Be ever whole, or free from pain;
My sighs are smother'd by constraint,
As banks confine the restless main.

WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE.

Wisdom and knowledge, are they not one thing?
No, by no means, they differ very wide:
The one supports us when we're on the wing,
The other serves us as a trusty guide:—
In solid wisdom we may still confide;
It is a magnet by which all should steer;
While we possess it, we ne'er step aside
To aid the wicked, nor their counsel hear,
But practice virtue, and the same revere.

Now what is wisdom? 'tis the will to do
No evil action that frail flesh can shun;
And what is knowledge? an extensive view,
Or comprehension, of what may be done,
Is done, or will be, if things chance to run
In the direction they are seen to flow;
When link'd to wisdom ev'ry point is won;
But by itself it only lives to know,
And often lies to deepest, direst woe.

Substantial wisdom! oh! be thou my friend,
And knowledge, lend me thy conducting hand;
I walk by pit-falls, and I oft depend
On things unstable as the slipp'ry sand:
I'm like a vessel drifting to the land,

Without a compass, in a misty day,
Quite unacquainted with the shore or strand,
And none on board to pilot or convey
The ship to anchorage of holding clay.

TO A SNAIL:

ON SEEING ONE ON A TOOTHLESS HARROW.

Guid save us! but ye're unco thrang;
Whar wad your sable lordship gang?
Ye cock your horns fu' cruse an' strang,
An look right fain;
I never saw ye streak'd sae lang,
For aught I ken.

When this auld harrow frame was new,
Weel stock'd wi' teeth, an' fair to view,
Employ'd behint a sturdy plough,
O, fye for shame!
Ye didna smear't wi' slime, I trow,
Frae 'neath your wame.

Ye canna miss but mind fu' weel,
How it made you an' your folk reel,
When in its day it scour'd the fiel',
An' broke the clods,
An' jagg'd ye like the very de'il,
Wi' a' its prods.

Ye didna then haud up your head,
An' slide awa' at sic a speed,
Na! na! guid faith, mean coward Dread
Took haud o' you;
An' lang ye lay, gi'en up for dead,
Row'd like a clue.

An' shou'd this harrow e'er again
Regain its teeth, I'm sair mista'en,
Gin ye wad cock sae crouse a mane,
Or look sae bald,
A coward heart ye'll ay retain,
Let that be tald.

Mankind, amaist the warl through,
I'm wae to say't resemble you,
They'll cringe an' fawn, an scrape an' bow,
E'en to their kind.
Nae odds, wha's uppermost th'now,
He's a' that's fine.

Once let the scales but tak a turn,
Guid save us! a' mark how they spurn;
The victim that is doom'd to mourn,
An thole their rage,
Scorn, hatred, vengence, a' may burn,
Ought they'll engage.

E'en frae the lowest vale o' life,
Up to the fountain-head o' strife,
Where curs'd ambition's gully knife,
Kills clear o' crime,
Ye'll fin' man wi' devices rife,
To suit ilk time.

It maks me wae that man shou'd be
Sae very prone to gang aglee,
Ane maist wad swear he canna see,
His steps to wale,
O cou'd he but be guided free,
O' actions frail!

Poor beasty, wi' the glossy hide,
Ye canna err where'er ye slide,
Wi' nought but instinct for your guide,
The truth to tell,
Ye by its dictates ay abide,
An clear yoursel'.

A REFLECTION.

What useful lessons he may learn
Whose mental eye delights,
To pore upon the chequer'd page
His own experience writes.

But ah! how little understood
Are things we most should prize;
And ah! how seldom is the past
Before our mental eyes.

Hence, on the thorny path of life,
The thorns we closer twine,
And pitchy darkness hovers, where
Reflection's sun should shine.

O! may each action of my life
Some useful lesson give,
And may the saving grace of God
Protect me whilst I live.

So shall decoying sin hang out
Its many-colour'd blaze,
Yet be unable to control
My thoughts, my words, or ways.

THE HONEST MAN OF UPRIGHT HEART.

The honest man of upright heart,
To happiness can make a claim,
But ah! how many millions smart,
Who all make happiness their aim.

The drunkard seeks it, but in vain,
Nor is it in the rich man's store;
The man of pleasure sports in pain,
And failure stings ambition sore.

In vice and fraud of ev'ry dye,
Some joy is sought, but none is found,
For happiness alone doth lie
On virtue's unpolluted ground.

The honest man of upright heart,
Is eager to defend the free,
And will not from the path depart,
That borders on equality.

He views his fellow-creatures all
With equal eye, and fain would have
The earth alive to freedom's call;
No man to man a shackl'd slave.

And what he hates, detests, abhors,
And loaths above all other things,
Is that which bolts right reason's doors,
And digs delusion's pitchy springs.

For well he knows the mind of man
Is prone to suck delusion in,
Which often terminates his span,
In pinching want and galling sin.

And well he knows the human mind,
If subject to right reason's sway,
Will baffle tyranny to bind,
Or luring vice to lead astray.

The honest man of upright heart,
To happiness can make a claim,
But ah! how many millions smart,
Who all make happiness their aim.

REFLECTIONS

ON SEEING A BOY GATHERING FLOWERS.

Poor little, heedless, wanton boy,
Thou little yet dost know,
How oft the fancied cup of joy
Turns out the cup of woe.

To frisk about in playful mood
Is now thy only care;
How toils thy parents for thy food
Thou little art aware.

That ignis-fatuus, pleasure's glare,
Has caught thy wand'ring eye,
Which thou hast made thy polar star,
And steer'st thy bark thereby.

The flowrets thou hast cull'd to day,
To gratify thy mind,
Thy restless hand will throw away,
Some newer joy to find.

As flies thy shadow on the green,
When thou dost it pursue,
So pleasure flies, but still is seen
To hover in thy view.

And when arriv'd at manhood's might,
When sense should point the way,
That ignis-fatuus, call'd delight,
May lead thy feet astray.

For manhood's joys are springs of woe,
And yet at first they seem
To wind with grace, or sweetly flow,
Or dance in summer's beam.

At length their real taste is found,
Their real colours seen,
With bitterness they still abound,
Their waters ought but clean.

Let life be trac'd through ev'ry stage,
From childhood up to man,
And 'twill appear that we engage,
To execute each plan,

In expectation we shall gain
Some lasting good thereby,
But oh! how oft to want and pain,
And keen remorse we hie.

VERSES WRITTEN AT TYNEMOUTH,

Where the Author sojourned several weeks for the benefit of his health.

No more I wander Tynemouth's strand
With listless eye, and careless ear,
Returning health, with magic wand,
Enlivens all around me here.

Soon as the sun with op'ning eye,
Looks through the boiling ocean's haze,
To climb the concave azure sky,
And gild the billows with his rays;

I leave my couch, and to the shore,
With hasty steps and heart at ease,
To plunge beneath the ocean's roar,
Or snuff the health-restoring breeze.

And if perchance the tide be low,
Among the shell-clad rocks I roam,
Till it return with rapid flow,
In boiling pride, bedeck'd with foam.

But most I love on Tynemouth-head,
Beside this tott'ring sacred pile
That nods above the silent dead,
My vacant moments to beguile.

This ancient pile, in days of yore,
A splendid show of art has been;
E'en now its spiky ruins hoar,
Add solemn grandeur to the scene.

Here holy sires were wont to pray,
And strike the harp to peace and love,
And teach their wayward souls to stray
Through scenes of bliss, with saints above.

But who can draw the veil of time,
And trace the march of war's alarms?
The seat of peace and things sublime,
Has now become a place of arms.

All is defac'd, and much despoil'd,
Pertaining to this ancient dome,
Yet man by ruthless nature foil'd,
Finds at its base a noiseless home.

A thousand stones of aspect gray,
Rear'd o'er the last abodes of man,
Their silent eloquence display,
And teach that life is but a span.

But Tynemouth-head, itself must fall,
And crumble in the hand of time,
Yea, even this sublunar ball,
Must cease to roll in pomp sublime.

Oh! let me ever bear in mind,
A truth so great, so often told,
My passions faithless as the wind,
May then more easy be controll'd;

That preparations I may make,
The fate of men and things to share,
Return to good, and vice forsake,
And fearless mix with things which were.

EPISTLE

To the Committee of the Newcastle Infirmary.

Excuse the freedom, Gentlemen,
Of one addicted much to rhyme,
Pure gratitude instructs his pen,
To scribble at the present time.

Your humble servant is a man
Of lowly birth, and name obscure,
Untutor'd, yet inclin'd to scan
Each hidden spring, and moving pow'r.

But poverty hath hedg'd him round
With pitiless severity,
So that he scarce can keep his ground,
When health ensures prosperity.

And in affliction's gloomy hour—
But why should he be heard complain?
What mortal ever stood secure?
Or were diseases sent in vain?

Your philanthropy has reliev'd,
Amongst the thousands whom you cheer,
One grateful for his health retriev'd,
Whose thanks you have from heart sincere.

POSTSCRIPT.

If on the earth a man there be,
Aware of what distress abides,
And yet so cold and miserly,
That what he hath he ne'er divides;

I leave him to his God, his ore,
And to his selfish narrow mind,
Persuaded with my scanty store,
That I have left him far behind.

E'en in the grasp of cold distress
By philanthropy undescried,
I'd rather live, than I'd possess
His heart, and roomy fire-side.

If ought deserving praise we see,
In virtue's efforts here below,
It must be due to those who free
The sickly eye from scenes of woe.

If there be delegates sent down
The rugged path of life to smooth,
As such we are constrain'd to own,
All who assist our cares to soothe.

Hence those who take an active part,
The sore afflicted to relieve,
Have all the wishes of my heart,
That they nor their's may never grieve.

A MORAL LESSON.

Are not the real ills of life
Enough to sharpen sorrow's knife?
They surely are, yet 'las-a-day!
How oft we tread a thorny way
Of self-created pain;
With envy, malice, hatred, scorn,
We rack our breasts from e'en to morn;
With keen remorse we sigh at times,
Yet headlong run to deeper crimes,
If deeper crimes remain.

Oh, man! is this the way to live?
Hast thou not an account to give?
Is this a pleasant course to steer,
Though thou and all thy doings here
Once dead were ever done?
No, man, thou know'st a better way—
Then choose it without more delay;
Why would'st thou cross the sea of life,
With self-created sorrows rife,
Till life's last sand be run?

How calm, how tranquil, thou may'st be,
From ev'ry ruffling passion free,
E'en all the ills which life attend,
May to their highest pitch extend,
And not disturb thy rest:
Have resignation to endure,
The ills of life thou cannot cure;
Have conduct daily to refrain
From causing self-created pain,
And thou are truly bless'd.

THE MORNING WALK.

Here let me sit, and meditate a while;
'Tis pleasant to be here. The humid air
Plays round the spangled thorn with easy swell,

And lifts sweet fragrance on its early wing:
As yet the lawn has not display'd her pride;
The flowrets slumber in their dewy folds;
But day's great king will call their splendour forth,
And lo! he comes in bright refulgency,
Beaming in glory yonder, in the east,
In gorgeous colours, gilding all the hills:
The soaring lark mounts up to hail him on,
And all Elysium warbles in the grove.
All Nature smiles: Oh! who would miss this hour
For all the pleasures of the drowsy god!
The meandering Irthing joins the tuneful choir,
And gladly dances in the morning beam,
Kissing the flowrets as they nod above
The dazzling surface of her glassy stream,
Or twisting current cloth'd in light and shade.
'Tis pleasant to be here: to see the fields
So promisingly careful of their charge.
May Autumn finish as Spring has begun;
So shall our granaries once more be stor'd
With great abundance of the staff of life.
The scene has chang'd: the pearly garb of morn
No longer chains the flowrets in their shells,
Across the lawn their sun-spread bosoms shine,
In imitation of the milky-way;
The busy bee enjoys a sweet repast,
From flow'r to flow'r in fluctuating wheel,
It moves along humming in joyfulness,
As on it hies in search of choicer flowers.
Would man but trace it to its wax-built cell,

There he would learn that plenty is no curse
When care is taken to destroy the drones
That loll in laziness and rob the hive.
Are there not drones of an uncommon size
Among the honey-combs of wretched man?
Is there no crevice in the well-stor'd hive,
Through which these plunderers may be thrust out?
Shall it be said that man, creation's lord,
Is less judicious than a tiny bee?—
Fie on thee, man, how art thou left behind!

A WALK AT NIGHT.

How gratifying to the eye,
  And oh! how grateful to the soul,
It is to read upon the sky,
  As countless planets nightly roll,
The wisdom, power, and dignity,
Of an all-powerful deity.

When on this trival speck in space,
  Contemplation deigns to dwell,
The mind, however dark, may trace
A cause uncaus'd on Nature's face:
  For ev'ry flow'r that springs can tell,
In worldless eloquence sublime,
It nothing owes to chance or time.

And when we view the God confess'd
O'er all the face of things,
A something melting fills the breast,
And love within us springs;
But when the eye is heav'n-wards bent,
How doth the soul expand,
To see a thousand worlds intent,
By great Jehovah forward sent,
To move at his command?

This is not all: the mind takes flight,
And wings its way through worlds unseen,
And feeds on wonder and delight,
Far, far beyond the stars of night,
That twinkle dimly on the sight,
Through heav'n's enamel'd screen;
And further still the mind will fly,
And fancy paint a further sky,
Till thought is lost in heaven's wide maze,
And lost in uncreated rays;
And wrapt in wonder, love, and fear,
It seeks its former dwelling drear.

Oh! be restrain'd my soul, be still,
Seek not to penetrate the veil
That shadows God; thy utmost skill
Will only thee with notions fill,
Which are of no avail.

Be satisfied that light and life do flow
From source too deep for human mind to know,
From source too pure for human eye to scan,
From source which wisdom wisely hides from man.
And in thy rambles through the realms of space,
Be satisfied that thou hast power to trace
A mighty worker on creation's face,
Who gives thee liberty and cause to cry,
When thou'rt bewilder'd in a world-pav'd sky,
"A God there is, beyond dispute,
But he is past all finding out!"

ON SEEING A BIRD FROZEN TO DEATH

On the Bough of a Tree

Alas! poor bird, the die is cast,
The ruthless spirit of the blast,
With dire, relentless, cruel sway,
Has borne thy vital spark away.
No more in Spring, on wanton wing,
From bush to bush, and tree to tree,
Wilt thou make Irthing's woodlands ring
With bosom-melting melody;

No more enjoy thy loving mate—
Thy mate, perhaps, ere now lies low,
A victim at life's outer-gate,
Enduring death's last, keenest throe;
Or lifeless lies beneath the snow.

And, like thyself, unconscious of the past,
And, like thyself, regardless of the blast.
Poor little bird! when it was thine to share
A parent's fondness for thy rising brood,
In wood-notes wild with joy thou didst declare
Thy heartfelt raptures to the echoing wood;
And nestling close upon thy tender charge,
Thy watchful eye descried each purpling morn;
And ere the sun shone full on heav'n's glad verge,
Thou wing'd thy way on joyful pinions borne,
In search of food thy young ones to supply;
Or raise thy carol to the bright'ning sky:
But, parent fondness, life's first joy of joys,
No more is thine, and silent is thy voice.

Oh! why so pitiless, ye snows?
Oh! why so keen thou biting frost?
Oh! jarring elements, why foes
To life? and why are ye so toss'd?
Is it, as sacred page doth shew,
On man's account? Well, be it so.
Oh! man, what ruin thou hast wrought,
And pain into the world brought!

To Fath's keen glance this point is clear,
But oh! how dim to Reason's eye:
The voice of Reason in my ear,
Would speak, and give to Faith the lie;—
But let me wave this subject by,
One thing is certain, fix'd, and sure,
Both birds and beasts, and even men,
Are plac'd on footing insecure;
All, all are subject to endure;
But darkness shades, or how or when,
If aught be free from evil hour,
'Tis far beyond frail Nature's ken.
Had Winter's rigours spar'd thy life,
Poor little bird! till Spring's return,
The jarring elements, and strife
Of Winter's war, which now are rife,
No more had made thy bosom mourn.

Let me forget my sorrows past,
Let me look forward with a smile,
And when I find my sky o'ercast,
Or even tumble in the blast,
Let me not frown on fate the while,
For, birdy, when in death's defile,
My sorrows will like thine be lost,
In streams that ne'er can be recross'd.

EPISTLE TO MY YOUNGEST BROTHER.

DEAR Brother, I am glad to see
That you are fond of musing—
A line or two compos'd by me,
Though scarcely worth perusing,
May help to give your mind a twist,
And form your inclination;
To lean from vice, and still insist,
That none like virtue's sons are blest,
Whatever be their station.

Your inclination now is bent
On being well acquainted
With men whose lives were wisely spent,
Who useful arts invented:
Go on, and prosper, if you can,
Their ev'ry turn discerning;
The changeful breeze that plays on man,
Too seldom wafts him on a plan,
To consummate his learning.

The ways of men in days gone by,
Investigate minutely,
And what seems perfect in your eye,
Still copy that devoutly;

You'll learn that Superstition's chain
  Bound down the soul from soaring,
And you'll discover, to your pain,
How few were able to disdain,
  The priest's unhallow'd roaring.

I know you hate a cringing mind,
  But there are times and chances,
When you must stop to take your wind,
  And judge of circumstances;
A middling share of self-esteem
  Keeps necessary pride up,
But you must never vainly dream
To stem a rapid-running stream,
  And keep your broadest side up.

The mountain birds, in time of storm,
  Come on the plains for shelter;
Then be not hot about reform,
  Lest you should grace a halter;
The sun may sink below the sea,
  And leave a frosty air up,
But he remembers still the bee,
And rises, shines upon the lea,
  Till flow'rs spring fresh and fair up.

Seek principles to build upon,
  That you may be provided
With knives that scrape the very bone,
  Before a thing's decided;

And give your mind the freest scope,
In search of truth be ardent,
Though fanatics should bid you stop,
Still persevere, and firmly hope
Your errors will be pardon'd.

That intricate, confused thing,
Which bears so much construing,
Which makes a heavy purse take wing,
And leads a crowd to ruin:
I mean the Law—beware of it,
Lest should its folds involve you,
You cannot in its centre sit,
Without decreasing bit by bit,
Till wholly it dissolve you

Be of a mild, forgiving cast,
Lest trifles discommode you,
Yet shun if possible his grasp,
Who comes with chains to load you;
Give thanks to God for health and food,
But should these blessings fly you,
Be well assur'd that God is good,
And if his ways were understood,
He acts not cruel by you.

The business of man on earth
Is to adore that being,
Who gave to life and order birth,
Who is all-wise, all-seeing;

And next to this he should adhere
To truth and honest dealings;
If this he do he need not fear,
But he will meet with comfort here,
Though Nature have her failings.

May he who turns the wheeling spheres,
To every virtue guide you,
And keep you free from slavish fears,
Of what may yet betide you;
And oh! imprint upon your heart,
That man's a dying creature,
Who is commencing to depart
The moment he first looks athwart
The changing face of Nature.

ADVICE TO H—— B——,

MY NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN FRIEND.

I HAVE observ'd with satisfaction great,
That you are steady, which is one good thing;
I likewise have observ'd you never prate,
As parrots speechify, or mock-birds sing;
Adoptive sentiments still hold in scorn;
Give way to reason, and I will be bound

That chaff will seldom to your eye seem corn,
  Or hollow speeches to your ear seem sound;
Besides as often as you are deceived,
As come your errors so are they retrieved.

I've seen a tree the roots of which were twin'd
  Among the openings of a massy rock,
Its top kept shaking in the winter wind,
  While nearly motionless remain'd the stock;—
'Tis so with men whose principles are sound,
  Their circumstances, or their passions, may
Conspire to lead them on forbidden ground;
  But men like these can ne'er be said to stray;
As shakes the tree beneath the winter storm,
These swerve a little, and as oft reform.

I've seen a cloud assume a thousand shapes—
  A castle now, and now a fleet at sea;
The breeze continues, and perhaps it apes
  A lofty head-land where no land can be:
'Tis thus with men of an unsteady mind,
  They now assert what they will soon deny;
Their all of intellect is left behind,
  And on the custom of the times they fly;
To day you see them in a human shape,
And on the morrow you behold an ape.

Avoid this changefulness, as you would shun,
  The name of liar, hypocrite, or thief;

Still let conviction through your bosom run,
Before its channels shall admit belief;
Give due attention to whate'er you hear,
Cast round your eye with penetrating glance;
The gate of wisdom is an open ear,
And various knowledge through the eye advance,
While reason sits on more than throne of gold,
This to reject, that to receive and hold.

All persecution for opinion's sake
Condemn with manliness, and never fail
To give instruction where your word can make
The least impression, and employ the scale
Of strictest justice in your dealings all;
Your promise keep if not too rashly made,
And if too rashly, do not let it fall,
Till all connected are with care repaid
For loss sustained; but recollect when done,
A promise-breaker all good men will shun.

It is advisable, for you to read
A decent quantity of books, and then
To step out slyly and unnoticed feed
Your ears and eyes among the haunts of men:
The best and wisest of your kind allow
That they have profited by doing this,
And I am confident if you pursue
This mode of learning, you can scarcely miss
The path of wisdom, and I here maintain,
If you neglect it you but live in vain.

There is implanted in the breast of man,
A flame unquenchable, its name is love;
Ne'er try to quench it, but decline to fan
The flame too hastily, lest you approve
Of some frail daughter of old mother Eve,
Who may torment you your remaining days;
When once united, 'tis too late to grieve,
And say how foolish were my former ways;
Consult with prudence when you choose a bride,
That peace may meet you at your fire-side.

Man is a creature formed for Society;
His wants are many, and are best supplied
When he conducts himself with all propriety,
And throws all greediness and fraud aside!
Make your's a life of love and perfect purity,
At least as perfect as one hopes to find
The life of man, that now and in futurity
You may rejoice; but I am weak and blind;
And here conclude, lest I outstep all decency,
And show my friend my woeful insufficiency.

AN ADDRESS TO DEATH,

ON HEARING OF LORD BYRON'S DECEASE.

Death! I have dreaded thee, I own I have;
And when I felt, or thought I felt, thy scythe
Against my ancles, I have look'd behind

To crave thy mercy with a fawning tongue,
And Hope was suffer'd to ascend her throne:
Yes, I was spar'd—but, thing of silent steps,
I have been spar'd to drink the dregs of grief,
Mix'd at a moment when thy pride of power
Ran mad with eagerness to teach the world
That thou art keeper of the years of man.
What hast thou made of Byron? Can I trust the sou
That like a thunderbolt breaks on mine ear,
Or like an earthquake shakes my groaning breast:
Thou art a tyrant, merciless and feil—
Proud of appearing when expected least—
Fond of destroying what can worst be spar'd.
Where now is Byron? Whither hast thou roll'd
His tide of intellect, that boiling came,
Dress'd like old Ocean in his wildest waves,
Or bursting rose like Ætna's flaming breath,
But twisting, flashing, mingling light and shade
In stranger mixtures and in wilder forms
Than ever shone on Ætna's burning brow?
The darkest recess of the human heart,
Where lurking lay the seeds of darker crimes,
To it was known; and all the tender flame
Of melting love, or envy, hope, or fear,
Or friendship true, or bosom-wringing grief,
It could pourtray in glaring colours strong;—
It was at once
A check to tyranny—a light to truth—
A fost'ring warmth to dormant, frozen minds—

A balm to wounds inflicted by the chains
Of galling slavery. Oh! monster, Death!
Could nothing else suffice to show thy power
Than laying lifeless, in the prime of life,
Our soundest patriot—our greatest bard?
How didst thou find him? Blush, thou tyrant grim!
His purse was open at fair Freedom's call,
His arm was lifted to repel her foes,
His ev'ry thought employ'd to plan her weal,
His tongue as eager to sound loud her praise,
Procure her friends, and lend her counsel sage,
For all his soul cried, "Liberty to man:"
His was the strongest, best-directed voice,
That ever priest or kingcraft heard before;
The firmest friend that Freedom ever found.
No more be known to send thy messengers,
Thy teethless jaws, thy hairless, furrow'd brow,
Thy frosty locks, and much-enfeebled eyes,
Thy trembling hands, and weary, tottering steps,
With sapless limbs, unable to support
The aching remnant of a stooping frame—
These speak too plainly that thy scythe is near:
Put into every hand a two-edged sword,
And teach all genius to destroy itself;
Mow down whole nations, and call it thy sport;
I'm not surpriz'd—I know enough of thee.

WHETHER DOES POVERTY TEND TO MOLLIFY OR HARDEN THE HEART?

It tends to mollify the heart,
Which I shall prove before we part,
Not by the help of erring reason,
But by whatever I can seize on
To suit my purpose—'tis a plan
Adopted by each honest man,
And I am honest, you must know
And shall through life continue so.

Now when you meet a man like me
You ought to speak, and feel, and see,
On ev'ry subject as I do,
And you will meet with very few
Who have not sense enough to own,
That you are right, and you alone—
That is, if you be very rich,
Or like to be, I care not which.

But to the subject: I maintain
Of poverty, though some complain,
It tends the heart to mollify,
And I shall prove it by and bye.
Meantime, 'tis proper you should know
That those who fetter millions low,

Are not to earth at all a curse,
They drain through love the people's purse;
In all things they are very wise,
And should be lauded to the skies:
For instance, when they pass a law,
That hunger shall have leave to gnaw
The bowels of a working man,
Or even terminate his span,
But not a grain of foreign corn
Shall to his cheerless home be borne;
It shews great wisdom on their part,
For hunger mollifies the heart.

Or should they leave the poor a chance
The price of labour to advance,
'Tis wisdom to revise the bill,
And yield to the employers' will,
Because a labourer, when free
To sell his labour, or agree
To work on terms of his own making,
Will not be found with terror quaking,
Lest the employer should think proper
To turn his silver into copper;
Besides, 'twould be an awful thing
If workmen could in gladness sing:
Hence those (I love to speak the truth)
Who keep the poor from hand to mouth,
Display great wisdom on their part,
For hunger mollifies the heart.

When neighbours quarrel o'er a straw,
And hand the grievance to the law,
The lads in wigs humánely try
To keep the quarrel running high,
Till both the parties waste their gold,
And find their goods and chattels sold
To pay the costs, for well they know
A man should follow up his blow
Who hopes to gain the point in view;
But let the devil have his due—
The lawyers only make them smart,
That want may mollify the heart.

There is another set of men,
Who ne'er employ'd the poet's pen,
But who deserve to live in song,
Till weft be warp, and right be wrong:
The gentlemen I mean to name,
Have taken ways and means to tame
The hearts of thousands, and their art
Would tame a raging lion's heart;—
Go ask the weavers who I mean,
And ask them what their trade had been
If their good masters had stood true,
Like purple, Turkey-red, or blue?
Who cannot recollect the day,
When gingham-weaving bore the sway?
And who can not remember well,
How one began to undersell

Another, till the weaver's doom
Was eighteen hours upon the loom?
Potatoes three times in a day,
A bed of straw, and, I may say,
A soldier's castaways on Monday,
And nothing more for some on Sunday;
Oh! they have play'd a noble part!
For hunger mollifies the heart.

Had ev'ry master in the land
The ruin of his business plann'd,
As manufacturers have done,
The blest Millenium had begun
Some years ago, for none will say
We will not see that happy day,
That day for which we long have sigh'd,
When all hearts will be mollified.

A FATHER TO HIS SON.

"HAST thou beheld on yonder mountain top,
That rises like a wall to meet the sky,
The broad-fac'd moon, wash'd o'er with burnish'd gold,
Casting its eye athwart the joyful earth,
When Autumn gilds the plains with rip'ning grain,
To bless all earth's inhabitants with food?
I know thou hast: then learn this truth, my son:—

The man who turns his thoughts on finding grace,
And halts not with the little he has found,
But seeks with perseverance and with hope,
Shall grow in grace, and show his growth as clear
As does the moon that shows a broader face
On each succeeding night, until full grown,
It rises in the east with placid smile,
To light the world in absence of the sun.

" Another truth, of much intrinsic worth,
Let me imprint upon thy pliant mind:—
The good man's consciousness of being good
Is unto him what light is to the sun;
Dark clouds at noontide may obscure the glare
Of orient Phœbus, but can any say
It shines less brilliant than it did before?
Is Phœbus lighted by a borrow'd light?
Or is the soul, whose radiance flows from grace,
Illuminated by a foreign cause,
That black adversity, or all the ills
To mortals liable, should quench its blaze,
When rolling vapours cannot drown the sun?

" Nor less important is this sacred truth:—
As slides the sun adown the western sky,
Fringing the clouds with crimson as he falls,
Till safely landed on the lowest verge
Of heav'n's high concave, with his latest look,
He smiling bids the sober eve adieu—

So sinks the good man to the silent grave;
The good man's end, more glorious is by far
Than all the splendour of his passing day."

WAR.

"Look on this picture—and on that."

1

Yon is the spirit-stirring drum,
It calls our youth to martial glory;
Our foes by sea or land may come,
None shall be left to tell the story
How Britons fought, and how they slew
The hosts that stood before their cannon;
What foe is able to subdue
The sons of Thames, of Tweed, or Shannon?

2

Great our exploits, and great our fame,
In ev'ry period of hist'ry;
We ne'er will stain the British name—
The art to conquer is no myst'ry;
We're resolute, but steady still,
And as we scour the field so gory,
At ev'ry cut we're sure to kill,
Thus we secure renown and glory.

3

Among the nations of the world
We hold a high and splendid station;
Abroad our thunderbolts are hurl'd,
And who dare venture an invasion?
Brave Britons! when you strike, strike home!
Be ever bold, be ever steady;
And when for glory you must roam,
Be ever eager, ever ready.

1

The drum invites our youth to arms,
What heart of stone will not be sorry
To part with peace and all her charms?
Oh! when will men in virtue glory?
One nation takes the lead to-day,
Infatuation proves its ruin?
The conqueror, with iron sway,
Reels on the earth, red torrents spewing.

2

From time to time, as things may turn,
The streams of war fresh land must furrow;
The very conqueror must mourn—
In 'midst of conquest there is sorrow.
A nation's blood must run to waste,
A nation's treasure must be squander'd,
Then groan, by heavy debt oppress'd,
Till ev'ry comfort be surrender'd.

3

Oh! would the human race agree
To leave the murderous employment!
The sure result of harmony
Is, food to all, to all enjoyment.
Oh! lift your voices loud and long,
Ye friends to peace and social union,
That men may round fair virtue throng,
And live in brotherly communion.

LINES

On the following question being put to the Author:—"Whether is Solitude or Society more to be courted?"

If by society you mean a state
Of discord, malice, envy, slander, hate,
Fraud, murder, perjury, and legal theft,
Where those uplifted are averse to lift
The head of sorrow from its thorny bed,
Or give to penury a bite of bread;
And you must mean this hateful state of things,
I answer, then, Oh! for unflagging wings,
That I might fly; but whither can I flee
To shun the evils of society?
The hermit bears them to his cell remote;
They find a passage to the lowly cot;

They live in palaces, they dwell in tow'rs,
The saint laments them in his pious hours;
No heart but feels them, yet no hand is found
To try for freedom till itself be bound;—
Strange this may seem, but it is true as strange:
Hence spring distrust, deception, and revenge.

I heard of love when credulous and young,
And wept when poets of true lovers sung;
I heard pure charity a pulpit theme,
And never judg'd that it was but a name;
I heard of honesty, and I believ'd
That man by man but seldom was deceiv'd;
I heard of honour, chastity, and all
The string of things we great and noble call;
And I believ'd, and that belief gave rise
To happy day-dreams; but the thin disguise
Soon fell to tatters, and, alas! I found
The bond by which society is bound
Compos'd of selfishness; no link I saw
Of love, or honesty, or equal law.
I yet was young, and foolishly I thought
Some alteration might be had, if sought;
"If sought, where seek it? does it dwell with men?
Let lambs seek shelter in the lion's den;
Take serpents up, and hope they will not sting;
Cull flowers in winter, and reap corn in spring;
Put coals fierce burning in your bosom, and
Seek shallow water near a lofty strand;

Walk on the ocean, and command the storm,
That day you hope to bring about reform,"
Experience said—I trembl'd as she spoke,
And lent my neck submissive to the yoke.
These are my sentiments and they are just;
Still for society decide I must.
Man is a creature which can only live
Where he has helpers, and has help to give;
His help is selfish; 'tis the root of guilt;
He builds on int'rest, and his hopes when built
Slide from beneath him, like the sliding sand
That drowns the swimmer when he tries to land;
Else were society a heav'n, not hell,
But to the subject I will bid farewell.

THE TYRANT.

What is a Tyrant? let me ask—
But 'tis no easy thing to tell:
Is he a devil in a mask,
Sent purposely to earth from hell?
He surely is, for one would hope to see
A fellow man love freedom and the free.
One thing a tyrant, while embodied here,
Passes his days in fretfulness and fear;
His days, ungilded by each social tie,
That gladdens life, and wafts it lightly by;

His guards protect him merely for their pay,
Else dread of death excites them to obey;
His pension'd grandees, cringing at his nod,
Bend in the presence of his iron rod,
And pay him homage, and corrupt his mind,
For sake of greatness of a transient kind;
His people tremble, but detest his laws,
And wish him writhing in Death's racking jaws;
Derange his system, and rebellion roars;
His people seize him, and ransack his stores;
Condemn his partisans, and in their ire,
Give up whole provinces to sword and fire;—
Down sinks the tyrant to his native hell,
In pain unspeakable, with fiends to dwell.
Old father Satan welcomes back his son,
And hell triumphantly exclaims "well done!"
So far our progeny has rack'd a world,
And devastation on its surface hurl'd.

END OF THE POEMS.

SONGS.

THE COTTON-SPINNER'S ADDRESS TO THE KING.

Hae ye ever had a glow'r,
In a cotton mill, Geordie?
I hae been in three or four
Sair against my will, Geordie!
Wither'd like a leaf in winter,
Naething but a sapless splinter,
Death-like, and unfit to venture
In the cald, am I, Geordie.
A' my banes are aching sair,
My claes are oily, hol'd, and bare,
And threepence I can seldom spare,
Though ay I'm burning dry, Geordie.

Wae befa' the busy head
First invented mules, Geordie!
Spinners toil for brats and bread,
Under shamefu' rules, Geordie;
Fin'd for this thing and the ither,
Plague't wi' a foreman's blether,
Sent awa' for a' thegether,
Gin ane but rebel, Geordie.
Fact'ry folk maun cringe an' bow,
An' darna speak for fear they rue;
For ane can speak to far owre few
That winna rin an tell, Geordie.

Whiles we get a bite o' meat
O' the better sort, Geordie;
But ye'll mind we toil an' sweat
Lang an' heavy for't, Geordie:
Steam, an' stench, an' stour inhaling;
Ever weary, owre oft ailing,
Fact'ry folk hae joyless sailing
Down life's troubl'd stream, Geordie.
Ither folk are hale an' strang,
While we puir chiels can hardly gang,
An' down we fa' the dead amang,
When life should warmest beam, Geordie.

Mak a law to gi'e us ease,
An' we'll thank ye lang, Geordie;
Masters a' do what they please,
Whether right or wrang, Geordie;

Ca' an' see our ghostly figures,
Where we toil as hard as Nigers,
Melting, fainting, wi' the rigours
We maun a' endure, Geordie;
An' your heart, should it be stane,
Will melt to hear us pegh an' grane,
Or see us dried to skin an' bane,
Or chok'd wi' stench and stour, Geordie.

MY LASSIE.

I NEEDNA begin to describe my dear lassie,
Suffice it to say she is modest and fair;
There's naething in Nature but what she surpasses;
There's naething in Nature can wi' her compare:
I've read, and I've heard about lasses fu' mony,
Compar'd wi' the rose, or the snaw on the fell,
But I hae a lassie sae blythe and sae bonny,
To ken what she's like ye maun see her yoursel'.

The mavis and blackbird sing sweet in the morning,
When ilka sweet flowret is droucket wi' dew;
And Phœbus is seen a' the woodlands adorning
Just rising frae bed his bright course to renew:

Though sweetly they sing, when compar'd wi' my lassie
Their singing is naething; nae mortal can tell
How far the sweet sangs o' the morn she surpasses—
To ken how she sings ye maun hear her yoursel'.

The breath o' the morning, wi' sweet fragrance teeming,
Comes saft thro' the hedge when it hings a' in bloom;
But I hae a lassie weel worth the esteeming,
Wha's breath is mair sweet than the morning's perfume;
Ye needna imagine I'm now gaun to offer
Ae kiss o' my lassie to prove what I tell;
No, that winna do—I'll no mak sic a proffer,
I'll keep my dear lassie, and kiss her mysel'.

A DROP OF GOOD WHISKEY.

Our happiness turns on our own inclination,
As fancy directs we have pleasure or pain;
What trifling matters create us vexation!
What folly it is in this state to remain!
A drop of good whiskey can make us all frisky,
Then who would be sad? let a bumper go round—
The joys of the bottle exceed in the total,
All other enjoyments choose how they abound.

CHORUS.

Then fill up your glasses, and drink to your lasses,
Be innocent, social, and humorous still,
A drop of the creature makes level each feature,
Restores you to health without powder or pill.

A fig for your talk 'bout the state of the nation,
Our burthens are heavy we all must allow,
But then to give way to the pangs of vexation,
Is making them double, if twice one be two;
So let us be jovial, 'tis folly to grovel
Like moles in a hillock, when whiskey can raise
Our hearts above thinking by dint of hard drinking,
To sport in the sun-shine of pleasure's bright rays.
Then fill up your glasses, &c.

Oh! Britain, thy hills and thy wide-spreading vallies,
Thy waters, thy woods, and thy sea-beaten strand,
Are dear to our bosoms, though thou hast thy follies,
We ever must love thee, our dear native land!
May heaven protect thee, all nations respect thee,
Thy commerce increase, and trade flourish and thrive,
That we may get whiskey to keep ourselves frisky,
Without it what mortal is quarter alive?
Then fill up your glasses, &c.

MY ONLY JOY, MY JOHNNY.

Now distant far from Corby walks,
  My fancy's eye doth wander,
Yon clifts o'erhung with hoary oaks,
  Have lost their former grandeur.
No more am I constrain'd to say
  That Eden-banks are bonny,
How can I when so far away
  From all my joy, my Johnny.

With fancy's eye I see him still,
  And fancy paints him straying,
Where roses fringe a gurgling rill,
  In summer's bright beams playing;
And in my stead with him I see
  A maiden rich and bonny,
But surely that can never be,
  For constant was my Johnny.

When mem'ry wafts me back to view
  My by-gone days of pleasure,
My sinking heart longs to renew
  Those joys that knew no measure;
But listless I must spend the day,
  And bear distresses mony,
Till he return that's far away,
  My only joy, my Johnny.

Oh! was he but these bow'rs among,
Resolv'd no more to wander,
The Eden then would roll along
In all its rural grandeur;
And Nature's face throughout the year
Would wear an aspect bonny;
Oh! why so far, so far from here
Art thou, my joy, my Johnny?

FAREWELL MY COUNTRY.

Farewell to thy mountains, thou land of my fathers!
Farewell to thy woodlands, streams, vallies, and lakes!
From thee I must wander in search of coy Fortune,
Where oft with tornadoes the equinox shakes;
But sad is my bosom to leave thee, my country,
And fain would I stay, though I hasten from thee,
For there is a rose-bud in thy fertile vallies,
That's nearer and dearer than life unto me.

But thou oh! my country, though weighty thy coffers,
Art still a cold-hearted step-mother to me;
Thy will I have waited, and these are thy offers,
Hard labour, oppression, and cold poverty;

With these can I hope to secure my fair flower
From cold biting winds, and the hail, sleet, and rain?
Ah! no, I must leave it all lonely and cheerless,
Perhaps ne'er to feast on its beauties again.

Oh! hear me, ye pow'rs! let my rose have protection
Alike from the worm and the despoiler's hand;
And grant that my stars may to competence guide me,
Then waft me safe back to my dear native land;
But farewell my country! till Fortune befriend me,
Thy health-giving breezes no more I'll inhale;
And farewell my rose-bud! from thee I must sever—
The tide rolls impatient on which I must sail.

THE CONFIDING MAIDEN.

'Tis not because he vows and sighs
That I believe him true,
I watch the language of his eyes,
His thrilling eyes of blue;
'Tis there I see his love for me,
And read that he is mine;
Both vows and sighs from guile can rise,
But glances ne'er can feign.

My mother chides me all the day,
  But I have nought to fear,
As pure as summer's brightest ray,
  Is he whom I revere.
No flower I see upon the lea,
  That promises so fair;
What can I do but think him true,
  And all his worth declare.

I meet him when we are unseen,
  He urges me to stay,
But still I cry "How long I've been,
  Do let me go away;"
And when we part I find my heart
  Is still inclin'd to grieve,
So come what may I mean to say
  Dear Colin I believe,

DIP DEEP THE PEN.

Dip deep the pen in freedom's aid,
  And all the crimes of tyrants show,
The fields of blood through which they wade,
  To chain their fellow-creatures low;

And paint the sacred rights of all,
In colours that can never fade,
That all the earth may work the fall
Of tyranny, too long obey'd.

If I could seize the thunder's voice,
And on the roaring tempest fly,
O how my heart would leap, rejoice,
To shake this sentence through the sky:—
"Death, double death to Tyranny!
And death to ev'ry lesser ill!
Henceforth no heart shall heave a sigh,
But pleasure ev'ry bosom thrill."

THE LOVER'S VOW.

'Tis sweet to behold the red rose in the morning,
But sweeter, far sweeter, to gaze upon thee;
For thou art Aurora, the landscape adorning,
The essence of beauty by woodland or lea;
The streams may unfold to the eye their proud bosoms,
And flowrets may flaunt on their banks rich and gay,
But murmuring streamlets bedeck'd in rich blossoms,
Are made but to please when thou wander'st their way.

'Tis sweet to recal to the mind the enjoyments
Our pastimes afforded, when childhood's clear sky
Shed brilliancy down on our artless employments,
And hearts light as gossamer floating on high;
But sweeter to me is the fond expectation,
Of what shall transpire when thou art my bride;
The thought is a draught—nay a flowing libation—
Of crystalline nectar from pleasure's pure tide.

The moon may desist from attracting the ocean,
And give to confusion all charge of the main;
Or Phœbus give up to the moon all promotion,
Nor heat, light, nor life, any longer retain;
But never shall I, by the blue flag of heaven,
Where thousands of brilliants are nightly display'd,
Allow my affections from thee to be driven,
My modest, my peerless, my beautiful maid.

THE WHISKEY DRINKERS' LAMENT.

The chiels I met, had furrow'd brows;
Their een were bleer't, wi' greeting lang;
And when I speer'd at them the news,
They lilted up this mournfu' sang:—

CHORUS.

" We canna brew our whiskey now,
For lang we've lost our mither's still;
And wha can think to sit and drink,
Your foreign trash, or lifeless yell.

" The loss that we lament sae sair,
Is days o' mirth, and nights o' glee;
A gauger then was unco rare,
And folk were used as men should be.

" Our barley we could bake in scones,
Or let it boil in draps o' kail,
Or let it rin like rain frae strones,
In whiskey guid, for use or sale."

" I trow," said I, " ye are the boys
That nane could bang in Chrissendie;
Wha drown'd a' care in roaring joys;"—
They sigh'd, an' sang, " We are the three!

" Nae mair the moon puts forth her horn,
To wile us frae the barley bree;
Nae mair we drink till dawn o' morn,
The blythest lads in Chrissendie."

Quoth Willie, " Aye, thae days are gane!
Our rulers now are tyrants a';
But, callants, gin I'm no mista'en,
They're near the height, an' suin maun fa'.

CHORUS.

We then can brew, and tak our fu'
O' whiskey, when we hae a mind;
And cronies meet their throats to weet,
An merry be, like auld langsyne."

THE WARNING.

YOUNG maids for you my voice I raise,
You who are in your dancing days,
Light as the sporting lucid rays,
That play upon the silver stream;
Your ev'ry pulse with love beats high,
And hope declares your nuptials nigh,
But oh! beware, you yet may sigh,
And see of joy no cheering beam.

I once could trip as light and gay,
My path through flow'ry prospects lay,
But luring man led me astray
When least of danger I did dream;
And now I live the scorn and hate
Of him for whom with heart elate,
I would have shunn'd a palace gate,
My all on earth was his esteem.

I will not here his vows declare,
That would but deepen my despair,
But oh! young maids beware, beware,
Men are not always what they seem:
Their eyes may say their hearts are true,
And they may swear they doat on you.
Yet still alas! there are too few
That maids may trust, or faithful deem.

THE LASS THAT LOOKS SO KIND ON ME.

The rosy maids of Erin green,
And Caledonia's nymph's I've seen,
And I have seen the daughters gay
Of freedom's land, America;
But Erin's maids, and Scotia's pride,
And daughters of Columbia wide,
You are not half so fair to see,
As her that looks so kind on me.

As morning vapours melt away
Before the coming source of day,
So cloudy cares all disappear
Before the glances of my dear:

My ev'ry thought she doth employ;
In all my dreams she is my joy;
And none but her my bride shall be,
The lass that looks so kind on me.

Oh! lazy Time, thy wings apply,
And waft the drowsy moments by,
And bring, oh! bring that happy hour
On which no doubtfulness can low'r;
Then sleep upon thy wings for aye,
Make life a never-ending day,
That I may spend eternity
With her that looks so kind on me.

THE WHITE MANTLING HAWTHORN.

The white mantling hawthorn, the hedge-rows adorning,
Shed forth all its fragrance, display'd all its bloom,
Each green spiky blade held a gem of the morning,
And gold, burnish'd brightly, hung sweet on the broom,
As I and my Anna to Irthing retired,
To breathe the sweet accents of genuine love,
And still in remembrance lives all that transpired,
As echoes re-echo the strains they approve.

The gay groves of Edmond, in love with their splendour,
Beheld in the Irthing their verdure with pride,
While I press'd my Anna, so artless and tender,
To name the blest morning she would be my bride:
Her eyes glancing love, and her smiles so enchanting,
Made heav'n my own, for Elysium is love;
And still I enjoy all that hour, nothing wanting,
As echoes re-echo the strains they approve.

We now are united no more to be parted,
And happy are they who in wedlock agree,
Our fond expectations too oft have been thwarted,
But still we have pleasure that lasting will be;
A smile from our infant can banish all sorrow,
The pain of hard toil from our sinews remove;
And sweet self-approval will bless us to-morrow,
As echoes re-echo the strains they approve.

Ye libertines, vaunt in you arts of seduction,
Make folly your pride, and believe you rejoice;
Appear to exult in a female's destruction,
And count him a coward whom conscience annoys;
But dream not, ye riflers of virtue and beauty,
To pass undisturb'd when your revels are o'er;
The bitings of conscience will teach you your duty,
As echoes re-echo the strains they abhor.

THE FRIENDLY MEETING.

Here are we met with one accord,
A draught from friendship's fount to draw;
No tyrant rules our festive board,
No servile wretch holds us in awe;
The beaming star of radiance bright,
That led us here, and long will shine,
Shall gild our mirth this joyous night,—
'Tis friendship, kindled lang, lang syne.

Then let our hearts enraptur'd rise
The fields of purest joys among,
And whilst we float on pleasure's skies
Let love and friendship be our song;
And while our bosom-swelling mirth
Transports us through those regions fine,
We'll give a kind of second birth
To friendship, kindled lang, lang syne.

Look down, ye sons of peace and love,
Look down upon the worldly crew;
Hear how they speak, see how they move,
As interest teaches them to do;
They never felt that rapture sweet,
That melting thought, that flame divine,
Which social souls can ever meet,
In friendship, kindled lang, lang syne.

Pass round the mellow-making glass
To those who are in wedlock tied;
Then drink to ev'ry lad and lass
Who fondly have each other eyed;
And tell them they shall surely prove,
When once they visit Hymen's shrine,
The very luxury of love,
And friendship, kindled lang, lang syne.

The brilliant star that led us here,
Is mounting fast the zenith high;
To prove it shines supremely clear,
Mark how it sparkles on each eye;
Then fill the glass, renew the bowl,
And give to joy this hour divine;
That we may feel the very soul
Of friendship, kindled lang, lang syne.

THE WHEEL OF TIME.

Ye'll no deny, my lassie dear,
What is confess'd by a',
But that the wee bit time we're here
Slips unco fast awa':

The wheel o' time gangs saftly roun',
It rins baith night and day,
And though ye dinna hear its soun',
It whirls and winna stay.

Just cast your e'e behint your head
On life's fast flitting scenes,
And mark wi' what a rapid speed
Ye've hurl'd up through your teens.
The wheel o' time, &c.

And though the years that ye may see,
Gin ye be spar'd awhile,
Look lengthen'd out before your e'e,
Tak tent, they'll you beguile.
The wheel o' time, &c.

Ye'll fin' yoursel gaun out o' date,
Though bonny now ye be,
And then ye'll girn, and pine, and fret,
For joys ye manna pree.
The wheel o' time, &c.

Sae, lassie, lest ye sadly rue,
Mak up your mind to say,
That ye'll be ever leal and true,
I'll name the wedding day.
The wheel o' time, &c.

MY OWN FIRE-SIDE.

This world in the main is a place of grief and pain,
Where happiness if sought on its vot'ries will beam;
Man crushing man I find, all for the sake of gain,
And life too often passes like a restless dream;
But when I reckon all my troubles great and small,
I find it is possible whatever betide,
To lessen ev'ry ill, from bitter sweet distil,
By seeking peace and comfort at my own fire-side.

The alehouse I have sought, and I have vainly thought
John Barleycorn's company the first source of joy,
And ere I could perceive his cups with ruin fraught,
I found my pockets bare, and in want of employ:
Thinks I, this will not do, I'll leave the jovial crew,
Be steady if I can, and let carefulness guide;
And ever from that hour, I have had it in my pow'r,
To meet with peace and comfort at my own fire-side.

Around my cheerful hearth, there ever is a dearth
Of those who love to stigmatize a neighbour's name;
And this is still my song, He is lower than the earth
Who feels himself uplifted at a neighbour's shame;—
My vacant hours are spent in the arms of content,
I pay each man his due, and it still is my pride,
To see my wife at ease, and in turn she tries t' please,
Which makes a little heaven at my own fire-side.

All you who think it best to look for peace and rest,
In squandering the fruits of your labour and toil,
Fill up another bowl, carouse, and smoke, and jest,
But know that your doings on yourselves will recoil;
Th' hour will shortly come when your brandy and your rum,
Are not to be found, and your revels will subside,
You'll see as I have seen (for I the road have been,)
Dejected, cold, and comfortless, your own fire-side.

OH! DRY THAT TEAR.

Oh! dry that tear, suppress that sigh,
Believe me 'twas but jest,
I would not for the world comply
To break my angel's rest;
The hours of bliss that we have seen
Are ever in my mind,
And all my heart declares thee, Jean,
The first of womankind.

Yon shadow sailing o'er the corn
Leaves not a trace behind—
So let thy grief be onward borne,
Its pangs no more to find:

Yon shadow shall be substance thought,
  Yon mountain kiss the sea,
Ere I prove false, or fail in ought
  That I have sworn to thee.

Then dry that tear, suppress that sigh,
  It gives my bosom pain,
To think that I would pass thee by,
  As if in cold disdain:
By all those ties which none should break,
  I love, I hold thee dear;
Then oh! deprive that lovely cheek
  Of sorrow's briny tear.

LIBERTY'S STAR.

Despond not, ye friends to the blessings of freedom,
  Ye sons of enquiry! ye lights of the world!
The fiends, your oppressors, are fated to perish,
  And vengeance amain on their heads shall be hurl'd:
Then let them unite in the sweat of their terror,
  They plot, but in vain, your redemption to mar;
A voice has gone forth, and admiring nations
  Are rising to follow fair liberty's star.

The earth is polluted because of corruption,
But filth and pollution need but to be known,
And strong detestation of guilt swells the bosom,
And Virtue proclaims the whole mind is her own;
But oh! what a poisonous sink of rank venom,
Remains to be cleans'd from yon fountain afar,
From whence issue want, raging hate, and red slaughter,
And all the sad offspring of unholy war.

Despond not, but hope that the day is approaching,
When virtue shall reign in the bosoms of all;
And e'en should that hope in the end prove delusive,
The thought will support you, and sweeten your gall;
But oh! that bless'd day can we hope for its coming,
When leagued oppressors no longer shall dare,
To plot in their dens, and break forth in their madness,
To steep the green earth in the red streams of war?

FILL THE GLASS TO FRIENDSHIP.

All you who love good fellowship,
And innocence, and mirth,
Leave to the sons of turbulence
The tumults they bring forth;

It is not for the sons of peace
To stain the social board,
By witnessing red scenes of blood,
Or causing fell discord:
Then fill the glass to friendship true,
Let harmony abound,
And let this social company
With happiness be crown'd.

Man never was by heav'n design'd
To live at enmity
With any of his fellow men,
That we may plainly see;
It is by social intercourse,
By honesty and truth,
That we are to be guarded from
All evil, north and south.
Then fill the glass, &c.

The ivy cannot stand erect,
Without the kindly aid
Of yon romantic rock which sits
On its eternal bed—
Yon hoary rock is harmony,
The creeping ivy man,
A creature form'd in feebleness
Since first the world began.
Then fill the glass, &c.

There are who have an int'rest still
In shedding human blood,
And spreading desolation dire
On ev'ry field and flood;
These glory in their wickedness,
It ever is their aim,
To drown the glorious light of truth,
But reason's torch will flame.
Then fill the glass, &c.

Let us be still in readiness
To take the torch in hand,
And hold the mirror up to truth,
Till infants understand,
That it is by unerring light
Fair freedom is obtain'd,
And by prevailing ignorance
The world is enchain'd.
Then fill the glass, &c.

ANNA AWAY.

Where now are the charms to the eye so endearing,
That hang on each primrose and sweet budding spray,
As blue-robed Aurora, with aspect so cheering,
In mildness preceded the bright God of day?
All beauty has fled from the banks of the Caren,
And dreariness dwells on its meadows of green,

Nor aught yielding joy shall the eye e'er discern,
Till Anna return to enliven the scene.

'Twas her that made harmony truly enchanting,
As Nature's musicians, so meltingly play'd,
'Twas her taught the eye that there was nothing wanting,
To heighten the picture by nature pourtray'd:
Now harsh are the notes of the songsters of nature,
And blank is the picture to what it has been;
And summer will borrow from winter each feature,
Till Anna return to enliven the scene.

Ye green groves of Irthing around Edmond Castle,
Shake proudly your tops in the ambient air,
And be ye assur'd should the winter winds whistle,
That then, even then, you'll look blooming and fair;
For sweetly she wanders among your green bowers,
That long from the arbours of Caren has been,
And winter must seem to be spangl'd with flowers,
Where Anna, sweet Anna, enlivens the scene.

Then shield her, ye groves, 'tis your duty to save her,
From callous pretenders to genuine love;
And tell, as you wave, that you never can give her
In wedlock to one that will wav'ring prove:
Such beauty, with virtue and innocence blended,
Is rare to be met with, and ever has been;
Then shield her, ye groves, with your branches extended,
Close woven with fol'age of liveliest green.

THE ALTERCATION.

What will ye say, my bonny lass,
If I gang and lea' ye?"
"I'll say that ye were ay an ass,
And the de'il gang wi' ye;
But if I fin' ye guid an' kind,
I'll ay be proud to ca' ye mine,
'Tis just as ye yersel' incline
If I set mickle by ye."

"That's unco queer, my bonny lass,
Dinna ye respect me?"
"Aye, but ye'll fin' me brittle glass,
If ye ance neglect me:
Ye ay maun show respect for me,
And a' my heart in turn I'll gie;
But ye sal never live to see
Your fits and starts affect me."

"Come close to me, my bonny lass,
Ye sal be my deary."
"Weel, there's my han', a' jokes maun pass,
Ye sal ay be cheery:
I'll men' your claes, an' keep ye clean,
By night and day it sal be seen,
That ye a got a wife in Jean
That's willing to revere ye."

THE MAIDEN'S COMPLAINT.

I TRY to be cheerful, and I oft force a smile
To play upon my cheek, but I ne'er can beguile,
The sadness that sinks me to a premature grave,
I must part with a life that I scarce wish to save.

It was down by the burn, where the flowrets of spring
Kiss the waves as they rise, that he gave me this ring,
He vow'd to be constant, and I thought him sincere,
But the frost to the flowers has not been so severe.

There is life for the flowers when the spring comes again,
But my cold shroud of clay I shall ever retain;
Yet the grave has a cure for the heart that is sad,
It will feel no distress where it ne'er can be glad.

It is women alone that to women prove vile,
The artful deceiver they will greet with a smile,
And her conduct condemn who is fated to grieve.
Yet believe the same tale she was wont to believe.

FINIS.

G. Irwin, Printer, Carlisle.

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